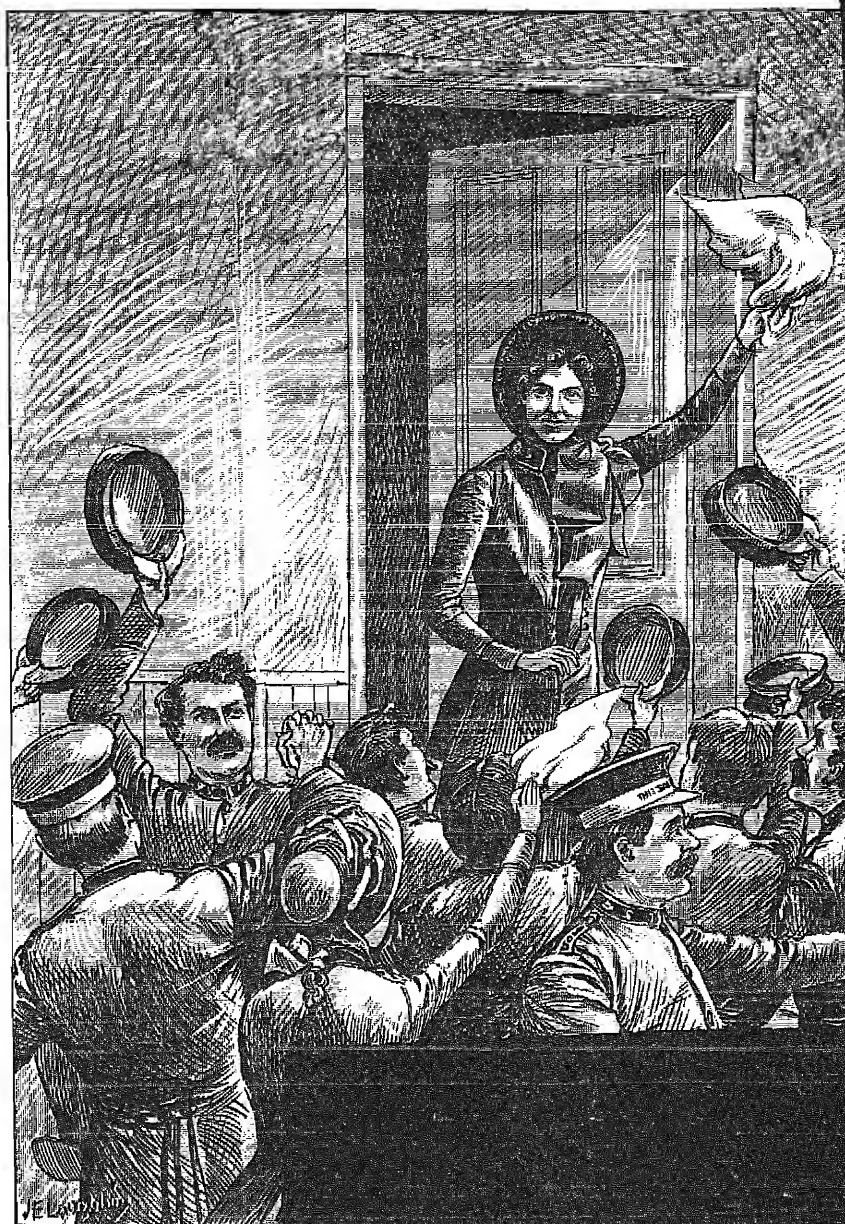


THE WAR

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN NORTH

VOL. III. No. 19. [General of the S. A. Forces throughout the world.] TORONTO, OCT. 30, 1897. [Commissioner for N.]



ANNIVERSARY
The Field Comm

THE WAR CRY. PREVAILING PRAYER.

ADJUTANT A. LAMB, Chicago

A BIG exhaustless theme! It is so, I suppose, for various reasons. First, because every fresh study of the Bible on the power and privilege of God's people in prayer, brings us something so new and grand that we feel that, indeed, a fresh revelation has come to our hearts as to what we may ask and receive at the Throne of Grace. It matters not what our needs may be—for "My God shall supply ALL YOUR NEED." And this very promise is given in connection with the mention of those temporal blessings of food and clothing, that often become such a perplexing problem with many Salvationists.

In some travels of late this truth came with rare richness and beauty to me at several different-testing times, but one instance I shall never forget.

My travelling expenses were heavy, for I had come several hundred miles, only to find that arrangements for my meetings were very incomplete—and only a few people were gathered into the churches where I was to speak on various branches of Army work. Sunday was at hand, and I was behind with my week's expenses.

Salary was out of the Question.

But somehow the other obligations must surely be met. I shall not soon forget that Sunday morning season of prayer. For the privilege to speak at a certain church at night was given with the understanding that no collection be taken. It was the devil who argued with me as I waited on my knees before God. And I fear that, without realizing on whose side I was arguing, I almost echoed back to God what Satan said to me, when he whispered with such exasperating tones, "The Lord CAN'T help you today if He wants to. The morning and afternoon collections must all go to the garrison corps you visit, and you have no offering at the church to-night." And I fear I said, "Yes, that is true; He CAN'T send me money today."

It is not easy to portray such a soul experience with my blundering pen. But, oh, the struggle that followed for the next few moments. Yet the victory came quickly, and in triumph I exclaimed, "He knows how much I need this money, and if He has allowed all this day's collections to be shut off from me, I cannot help it. But I'll serve Him anyway, bless His name! And I'll go in to have a day of victory, whether He supplies my needs or not."

The joy that came at that moment made me forget my lack of money during the blessed Holiness Meeting that followed. Indeed the whole thing passed from my mind. At the close of the morning's meeting an old gentleman with white hair pushed past the other officers who stood near me, and, stretching out his hand to me, said, "I was never in an Army meeting before. Here," and he

Handed me a Five Dollar Bill.

I need not say that I was ashamed that I had questioned, even for a moment, and yet battles are not defeated, thank God. And yet I believe that God sent that old gentleman into that meeting (away from his own service) to help me, because He saw I had reached a place where I was willing to "shut His doors for nought"—to work without pay as well as with it. I need not make the application: for if I help some one to believe that Elijah's God will care for those who lose all to serve Him, even if He must use the ravens to do it, my desire shall be satisfied. Oh, believe it, believe it, and God will honor your faith. Happy indeed, is that man who is driven by his very poverty and adverse circumstances, to seek God in his distress, to cry like the young ravens in their

hunger, till the God in Heaven answers. Oh, what a rebuke to our unbelief is the simple faith of those who have asked and received "day by day," the manna for both body and soul. Yes, He careth for you, whether you will believe it or not.

Secondly, this precious subject is enlarged before our minds by the increased experience that comes to us as we go on in faith, for great things from God, and see those great things realized. Experience, blessed, rich experience, of God's faithfulness, encourages us to believe for larger gifts still. And yet these "great things" are very often the most insignificant, when valued according to their intrinsic worth. It is because they come direct from the King that we prize them so highly. A very

Small Present from Victoria's Hand

becomes of great worth to the recipient, because it is the Queen's gift. Only last evening, as I stood near the door of a steam car, as we drew into a strange city, I was wondering how I should find the officers' quarters (as I had been unable to get the address), and was just lifting my heart to God that He would send along a guide, when a man near me, reaching out his hand, said "Good evening, brother," and my very guide was at my side. Trivial matters, you say? Possibly so to you, but not to Him, "for the very hairs of your head are all numbered."

Perhaps some one who reads these lines is halting when God says, "Go forward," into what seems to be a barren wilderness, away from your Egyptian comforts and luxuries. It may be the life of an Army officer to which God calls you. It may be to the most barren and difficult part of the field where our King likes to which He wants to send you. Oh, what a heavenly honor He wishes to confer upon you. Like your Master, you are chosen to go where others dare not venture. Will you not trust Him? If others have failed, it is because they have not followed with a single eye. Their connection has never brought them to where God MUST (according to His promises) do great things in them and through them. It is only those who "seek FIRST the Kingdom of God," to whom Christ promises that "all these things (temporal needs) shall be added unto you."

And, thirdly—and I must add a thirdly—this life of prayer is intended by the direct inspiration and teaching of the Holy Spirit in our own hearts. Not only are we helped by what we learn from the Bible and from experience, but also by immediate revelations by the Holy Ghost, of the will of God in our own souls. Oh, hallelujah! "For we know not what we should pray for as we ought; but the Spirit itself maketh intercessions for us with groanings which cannot be uttered." And, if we would only yield ourselves without fear, what Christ-yearnings would be forgotten within us! How much time now wasted in prayer for those things that can never be given us, would be spent in praying for that which is, according to the will of God, if we were only quiet before the Lord, listening to the voice of His Spirit in our hearts? Does He begot within us a desire for the salvation of certain individuals? Then let us give ourselves to prayer for them. Is it for some special branch of work, some special country or people? Then hold on to God for blessing on these needy and desert places, till the showers descend. He is wanting to bless them, and He wants to co-operate with you or, rather, allow you to co-operate with Him, in bringing blessing and salvation to them. While the Spirit is moving, take hold of God and victory will surely come. Amen, and amen!

HOLINESS FRAGMENTS.

The outer life of holiness is in DOING. To make us holy is the joy of the Lord.

"The Lord Jesus never thrusts Himself upon anyone."

The Holy Spirit puts a Divine energy into our faith.

"Jesus seeks a pupil right in the midst of the daily life."

Keep your mind free from needless judgments of others.

God not only saves us from our foes, but He saves us from our fears.

Our business as Christians is to serve the Lord in every business of life.

The living Christ within us makes us right towards the things of earth.

As a disciple of the Lord Jesus, let this come first—that He be seen and heard.

Doubts are born of so much of bad books as of un-Christianlike Christians.

Self-seeking is cured by a clear sight of the things of God. Hardness and covetousness are stricken for want of very breath in that Divine atmosphere of His Presence.

There is but one result that can warrant the agony of Calvary: there is but one result that can justify either our blessed Saviour or ourselves, and that is our being conquerors over sin.

Faithfulness in the part of His disciples goes farthest to give the word faith in their Lord and Master. Faithfulness, when we lose by it, as well as when it gains, faithfulness in little things as well as great. Faithfulness behind the back as well as before the face. Through and through, as in thought and deed, in word and look, for His sake, faithfulness.

Follow peace with all men and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord. Heb. xii. 14.

What manner of persons ought ye to be, in all holy conversation and godliness. 11. Peter, iii. 11.

Every man that hath this hope in him (of seeing Jesus), purifieth himself even as He is pure. 1. John, iii. 3.

These texts seem to teach a practical holiness. We are not in need so much of holiness preaching. Lots of that through the country. What is it that it has not the effect it ought to have?

St. Paul, I think, will give us some light. He says: "Who also hath made us able ministers of the New Testament, not of the letter, but of the Spirit; for the letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth life." I believe that there are lots of these dead-letter holiness preachers. They can give us lots of theory. We want the new and living preaching. Spirit-giving, life-giving. Paul says, again: "For our Gospel came not unto you in word only."

But also in Power and in the Holy Ghost, and in Much Assurance.

Praise God, that is it. How is it that the preaching of to-day does not seem to stir up the lukewarm and self-seeking soldier or professor. Come back to what St. Paul says, "Our Gospel came unto you in power." Oh, we want the continued renewing of the Holy Ghost. Then we will scorch the bandages off, we shall knock away the false props, tear off the false covering. Then there will be a

How with Old Carnality.

Something wrong if we don't have a row of some kind. Too much talk these days, holiness, holiness, holiness. "Be holy in all manner of conversation, purify yourselves even as He is pure. We want more than goodness. We must have the mighty power of the Holy Ghost to convince of sin."

What will happen if you come out on these lines? Well, they will call you a crank, or a little soft, pious over-much. Perhaps they will say you have got a touch of the Horneries (that name is better known East, come on, God help us. Let us do some thing to bring about a mighty revival over our land. The short cut to it is

Get Into Your Closets and Plead with God

to mightily baptize you with the Holy Ghost, then go out to live and preach holiness. Sinners shall be saved. H. C. KENDALL.

A Prince has paid the ransom. He stooped to rescue me: A slave to habits low and vile, He gave me liberty. My weakness in the strength is hid. Seek ye other souls to save: Go tell the wretched everyone, There's freedom for the slave.

LINES FRAGMENTS.

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"How Much Owest Thou My Lord?"

No. 1. By THE GENERAL.

YOU WILL NOT DISPUTE that you owe God something. That is a fact about which there can be no dispute. Whatever you may have given to Him, or done for His people, or sacrificed for His Kingdom, there is still something outstanding against you. The only ground on which there can be any controversy is the amount. How much do you owe?

Now, my purpose is to present this claim, run over some of the items contained in it, obtain your assent to the amount, and then press for a settlement.

To Whom do I Appeal?

Now mind, I am not applying to the enemies of my Lord: they are outside my present appeal. I may have something to say to them before I have done, but my purpose now is to have a plain talk with God's own people.

If I were appealing to the ungodly, the claim I should lodge would be far heavier: I must demand on behalf of my King and Master, Atonement for the innumerable transgressions of His law. Reparation for the wrongs done to Him and His Government, together with restitution for the damages inflicted upon the souls and bodies and circumstances of His people.

What an account that would be! But your standing and relations, my Comrades, are altogether different. It is to you who have been forgiven, adopted into His family, and exalted to the relationship of Sons and Daughters that I want to speak. But even here I find a very heavy liability. Let me look over its pages and mention one or two of the principle items it contains.

Statement of Claim.

But perhaps someone is perplexed and says, "I hardly understand this. If my debt is cancelled am I not free? Can any sins be located and yet stand against me in the books of Heaven?"

Do not let the very mercies God has heaped upon you multiply your obligations to Him a million-fold. These obligations I want to help you to appreciate, acknowledge, and meet. To begin with let me inquire—

The Greatest Marvel on Earth.

1. How much owest thou in return for thyself? You are the workmanship of His hands. Take your body. Perhaps someone will say, "Well, take my body. It's a poor affair: full of aches and pains, diseases and decay." True, this may be, but the aches and pains and diseases are the work of the enemy. The Devil and the wrong-doings of your forefathers have spoiled what otherwise would have been one of the most perfect pieces of Divine workmanship in the Universe.

But still, with all its imperfections, your body is a wonderful machine. Look at it. What man-made machine can compare with it? And yet even these earthly machines have their value. Say a locomotive, warranted to travel at express speed, or a Maxim gun, warranted to kill faster than you can count, or a machine intended to fly, if it could only be found able to fulfil the intention, would each fetch a good round sum into the market. But what are these constructions a-buzzing that wonderful Thing which is called Man with its three-fold organization of body, Soul and Spirit? Who can calculate its worth?

Look again, I say; or, at least, think upon this body of yours, with its finely mechanism, its marvellous functions of seeing, and hearing, and tasting, and feeling, and all its mysterious nerves, and glands, and muscles, and tissues. See how these things are unaided, unsupported, vitalised, controlled, and then consider how far this Machine transcends in wonder and in value all the Wooden and Iron and Steel Contrivances of men.

Then go around to connect with this Bundle of Marvels the wonderful Mental Forces—the feeling Power—the Thinking Power—the Willing Power—the Loving Power, and all the other

Powers of the Immortal Soul, and what a precious and astonishing and marvellous piece of machinery you have! What a standing miracle man must appear to the eyes of the angels, and to all the other inhabitants of God's Universe who have the opportunity for knowing him. Is it to be wondered at—nay, it would be wondered at if it were not so; for are we not told that man was

"Made in the Image of God."

Now, my comrades, this is You: and God made you thus. You are not an Atheist. You don't believe that you came from nothing, that you were made by chance out of dancing atoms, or generated out of nothing by heat, which would prove that there was something after all. For if there was nothing, whence came the heat? And if there was something, namely the heat, who made that something? No, you are too intelligent for that nonsense. You believe in God, and that God gave you the form, the life, the faculties that you possess, and I want to ask you whether such a life does not lay under obligation to make some return for it to the Giver. What return have you made? What return have you made all the time with this Treasure? What have you done for Him and His Kingdom with this precious gift? How much owest thou my Lord?

The World we Live in.

2. How much do you owe God for all the material He has supplied for your Support, Well-being and Enjoyment? Here again, perchance, I shall be met by some surrowful soul, who, with a wailing speech, says, "My life has been marred by trials and losses and cares; wind and tide have been against me all the voyage. So far tears and trouble and disappointment have been my lot."

True, oh friend, all this may be. Still, have not the pleasant things, in weight and number, been far beyond the painful? And if you subtract from your troubles those that have been of your own making, and if you remember further that Grace has been provided to make your all things of sorrow to work together for your good? I think you will come to agree with me that the joys of your lifetime have, in number and value, infinitely exceeded the things that you account your loss. But let us look to the future.

(a) There is the beautiful World He has given you to live in. The air is pleasant that you breathe, the sun that shines by day and the moon and stars that shine by night are bright and beautiful, the mountains and valleys, oceans and lakes and rivers, the trees and plants and fruit and flowers are things of joy and beauty. Alas! He cursed it. Nay, it was not God, but sin that wrought the curse. But in the very moment that the malarious breath of evil marred its beauty and fruitfulness with thistles and thorns, did He not open the door to another world—a perfect and eternal Heaven that shall never know a curse, because it shall never know a sin?

But, coming back, my Comrades, has He not made this world still more pleasant to you by His gifts of food and clothing and kindred and home and friends and ten thousand other things? But, here again, I hear someone say, "My experience of these blessings has been very imperfect and short-lived and very much mixed up with mortifications and vexations." Still, these mercies are there; that you cannot deny, imperfect as they have been. Have you ever stopped to gauge their value? What are the worth of the loved ones who are with you to-day? They are God's gifts—God's loans, perhaps we should say. Still, they are yours for a season, and may be yours forever. What return for these treasures have you made to your Father? In this respect, I want to ask, How much owest thou my Lord?

The Gift of Gifts.

3. God has given you His Son. What value do you set upon that. His best

bestowment? Did you ever set yourself to measure the worth of your interest in "The Bleeding Lamb"? You often sing—

"When I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride."

And well you may, for the value to you of the blessedness which that love and pity and suffering signified is worth infinitely more than ten thousand worlds.

But I want to inquire as to the return you have made for it all. What response does it deserve? I have often asked that question in the War Cry, and if I live I suppose I shall often ask it again. I ask it to myself. I say, "Oh, my soul, come here and gaze at this cross, ponder what it is that hangs here, and consider the sorrow that He is enduring on the Bloody Tree; and remember, oh remember, that it was all for thee. Does your soul reply as mine has often done?—

"Oh, let me sit beneath the cross
And gladly catch the healing stream;
All things for Him I count but loss
And give up all my life to Him.
Of nothing hear or speak beside—
My Lord, My Love, is crucified."

I say Amen, that is all my life, all your life, all, all, all our lives and all else we have should be, must be laid at His feet. That is the demand His sacrifice makes. That is the demand I make in His name to-day. That is my expectation. All, all, all. Are you meeting it?

The Light of the World.

4. But I go on down the list, and find that your debt has been increased by a further gift, namely that of the Holy Ghost. With the opening of your eyes upon the things of this world, anyway, with the first perception of the difference between right and wrong came the blessed Holy Spirit to your heart.

After long rebelling and vexatious grievings on your part He succeeded in overcoming your nature, He laid upon goodness and God, melted your heart into repentance, led you to the cross, and witnessed your sins forgiven. Since then He has been your unfailing Guide, Counsellor and Friend. He is with you to-day, has not hold of your hand, and will never leave nor forsake you if you will be faithful, until He has put you down before the Throne. What is the value of that gift? What return are you going to make for it? Oh, my comrades, how much owest thou my Lord?

Washed in the Blood of the Lamb.

5. I pass over many items in the Account. Life would be too short to describe them all. I come to one of considerable dimensions that is no less than the gift of Forgiveness of Sins. You remember its bestowment, well, and what you said and thought about its value then. What is it worth in your esteem to-day? What response have you made for it?

If you had committed some terrible crime—say, a murder—and with the guilt of your dark deed biting and stinging your conscience, had wandered forth, like Cain, with the brand upon your heart, if not upon your brow, what would you have given to any human being who could blot it out of the Assyrian book, bring back your peace of mind, and allow you to return to the land that gave you birth?

If you had been tried for some crime, found guilty, and were awaiting your execution, how much would you have given as you walked your cell thinking about the gallows, for a pardon that would save you from the hangman's rope?

My comrades, you have committed sins and crimes innumerable and immeasurable against yourself, your fellows, and your God. They were written down in the book of His remembrance—nay, sentence had been passed, and Execution was only a matter of time, when He came along and blotted them out, and, with His own lips, spoke the pardon to your soul. How much, again I ask, of Gratitude and Service and Love do you owe for this?

6. Are there not many of my comrades who will read this paper, to whom He has given the pearl of great price—Purity of heart? How much owest thou my Lord for this?

7. Cannot go further with the account. I am staggered by the dimensions, and I fear, I shall stagger you. But, oh, may I not mention His generous gifts of Hope in Death, Acquittal at Judgment, and Everlasting Heaven? What responses have you made for these blessings?

Love.

8. And leaving gifts, may I not enquire if He has not left written in His Book, and written on the fleshy tablets of your heart, the Commandment binding every soul who is the recipient of

all these mercies, that they should love Him with all their heart, and their neighbor as themselves?

Can You Reckon?

There, my comrades, is the Account. What a piece of arithmetic it is. Who can cast up this Addition Sum? Is there an Angelic Accountant, or an earthly one, who has got in among the blood and fire throng in the Heavenly City who can total it up?

But there is something to be done before you come to the Addition. Who can put any right and conceivable value on these gifts? Leaving the things of earth, who can fathom the ocean of love that has flowed out to you and me? Who can put a value upon the favor of Jehovah? Who can prize the Pardonness of Sins, the Cleansing Virtue of Christ's Blood, or the Inspiration of the Holy Ghost? Who can say what is the worth of a dwelling place under the shadow of the Eternal Throne, girded by the Almighty Arms of Jehovah, sheltered from the storms of earth and hell; and, oh, my comrades, who can value what it will be at last to be called up to stand in His presence, where there is fullness of joy, and to have a seat at His right hand, where there are pleasures forever more?

This is your lot. These are His gifts to you. What return have you made for them? What is your response to Him in love and service and gifts and sacrifice? You may say you have done something; but still, what is the value standing against you in the books of Heaven to-day? We will take the week for the consideration of this, and then return to the subject. Perhaps you will have an answer by then to my question.

"How Much Owest Thou My Lord."



It is said that Spain is so hard pressed for money that the Government has attempted to sell all the public lands and buildings which can be spared.

It is expected that the American Corvette "Yankee" will proceed to the lakes as stated some time ago. A plan has been engaged to take her through the locks of the canal.

Another proposal has been laid before the British War Office, to enlist 5,000 reservists at an extra rate of pay, thus forming a reliable force which can be drawn upon at any time for use in small wars.

The Prince of Wales has been desired to intervene between the employers and engineers but has declined. The strike is seriously affecting the construction of battle-ships, and there is the probability of contracts being sent abroad.

The Sultan of Turkey is said to have despatched 20,000 troops of the line into Thessaly. They were drawn from picked battalions. The explanation is that they have gone to take the place of irregulars which is discredited in official circles.

A new bullet has been invented which is said to be the most terrible of its kind in existence. It is made of lead, and instead of conical the top is level and has a cup-like cavity. On entering the flesh this bullet acts like a pump cutting a clean round hole which does not close. The bullet begins to expand immediately after entering, and after it has travelled six inches it produces a jagged hole three or four inches in diameter.

In connection with the engineers strike 70,000 men are now idle with prospects of bringing about a general strike throughout the shipbuilding establishment, involving another 20,000. The railroad employees will hold a great convention at Birmingham and formulate demands which the company say it is impossible for them to grant. In the event of which a general strike of 150,000 railroad workers will take place which will probably mean the idling of 1,500,000 others.

Ambition! Is it safe?—as safe as heaven if it is won around Calvary.—Field Commissioner.

It is not humn not to want to win. That is what the General in a battle has to depend on. He knows there is running in the blood of his soldiers right through every man down to the infantry the desire to win. Oh, that we had more of this unblinded to win for God. Field Commissioner.

THE FIELD COMMISSIONER'S WESTERN TOUR.

MISS BOOTH

WILL LEAD

Great Salvation Battles

AS FOLLOWS:

PACIFIC PROVINCE, Brigadier Howell.

SPOKANE, Sunday and Monday, November 7th and 8th.

BUTTE, Wednesday, November 10th.

HELENA, Thursday, November 11th.

NORTH-WEST PROVINCE, Brigadier Bennett.

JAMES TOWN, Sunday, November 14th.

FARGO, Monday, November 15th.

WINNIPEG, Tuesday and Wednesday
November 16th and 17th.

GAZETTE.

APPOINTMENT—

MRS. STAFF-CAPTAIN SKEETON,
of Territorial Headquarters, to be
G.R.M. Secretary.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH,
Field Commissioner.



ALL ABOUT OUR FIFTEENTH
ANNIVERSARY.

"HOW MUCH OWEST THOU MY
LORD?" By the General.

A PURE GOSPEL. By the late Mrs.
General Booth.

PREVAILING PRAYER. By Adj.
Alexander Lamb, Chicago, U.S.A.

HOLINESS FRAGMENTS.

WOMEN'S SOCIAL WORK. By Mrs.
Brigadier Read.

INTERVIEW WITH THE PACIFIC'S
PROVINCIAL OFFICER.

A MATRIMONIAL SQUABBLE. By
the Editor.

STORIES FOR SAINTS AND SIN-
NERS.

WEEKLY NEWS, PERSONALIA,
INTERESTING ITEMS, MIX-
TURES, HEALTH AND HOME
ETC.

Serial Stories: DAD SLOSS (con-
tinued). THE SWORD OF THE
LORD (continued).

HELPS.

SONGS.



A Rescue Home in Paradise is pro-
posed.

The Midland Chief Division is divided
into three commands.

The first colony site in Colorado is
situated in the valley of the Arkansas
river.

A white family in distress were as-
sisted recently by a kind-hearted Chinese
soldier.

In default of the imposed fine a man
in Hanford, Cal., was sentenced to
seventy-five days in jail for insulting
the Salvation Army lasses.

Three new corps are about to be
opened in Boston, and Lieut.-Colonel
Cozens intends having fifteen in the
city before the General's visit.

The Band of Love has been launched
at Kingston, Jamaica.

A splendid lantern has been des-
patched to New Zealand.

The Cinematograph continues to
score splendid results in Australia.

Colonel Jai Bhui has started a three
months red-hot warfare in his Terri-
tory.

By the end of this tour Colonel Musa
Bhui will have personally visited every
corner in his territory.

Ninety-seven native women have
been received during one year in the
Calcutta Rescue Home.

A rent League has been started for
the help of financial affairs by the Ja-
maican Territorial Commander.

Two officer comrades and come sol-
diers have been summoned at Clarks
Town, Jamaica, for holding meetings.

Chinese soldiers in San Francisco
are earning their laurels as War Cry
boomers. Gee How, 165; and Sheek
Wong, 75, are some of their latest
totals.

The Atlantic Coast Chief Division is
to be divided and a new Southern Div-
ision formed out of the Southern States
with Headquarters at Washington, D. C.

Citizens of Sacramento are assisting
in the faithful financing of the Sugar-
Beet Colony Scheme. A short time ago
a friend of mine in Western Canada
had already collected \$500 to this end.

Foreign postage stamps are being
collected by Comrade Kruger, of San
Francisco. He turns the money real-
ized from their sale over to the Child-
ren's Home.

A special feature of the Australian
Self-Denial Hand Book is the chapter
devoted to "Amputation," being hard
facts for convincing the skeptical and
ignorant the world-wide extent of our
Social and Missionary work.

Brother Pothergill, signalmann of
H.M.S. Grafton, while decorating the
Salvation Army Seamen's Home at
Yokohama, Japan, on the occasion of
Queen's Jubilee day, fell from the first
floor window to the ground. Death
was instantaneous.

Sir Alexander Onslow and Mr. George
Tressell, the first a Chief of Justice,
and the second a Crown Commissioner
of Laws, made noteworthy speeches
at the Commandant's magnificent
Social meeting in the Perth Town Hall,
Australia.

Brigadier Jivi Ratnam, the beloved
wife of Brigadier Jeva Kudi has been
promoted to glory. Her bereaved hus-
band has come on furlough to England.
It is about eleven years since he landed
with the first large party of forty
officers in Colombo.

District Officers' Council.

It was arranged that Staff-Captain
Hargrave should meet the D.O.'s at
Lippincott St. on Friday, and go into
the matter of the D.O.'s relationship
and responsibility to and for his Dis-
trict and J. S. work.

Brigadier Margetts in a few words
explained the Commissioner's desire,
and the course was then clear for ac-
tion. The notes which had been so
carefully prepared were missing, but
eventually unearthed from Major Gas-
kin's pocket. The first act was an at-
tempt to bounce the Staff-Captain
which was a failure.

The morning session dealt with the
J. S. war, and every point talked upon
was received heartily by the D.O.'s.
The difficulties of the work recognized,
but the value of setting to work and
carrying out the principles laid down
was seen, and the J. S. war will profit
in the near future accordingly. Con-
tinuing in the afternoon, the Band of
Love was the first matter brought up,
followed by the Junior Cadet Brigade.

The D. O. and his District came last.
Everything relating to officers, corps,
etc., was dealt with point by point,
and judging from the enthusiasm with
which it was received, we have no
doubt that the war will be prosecuted
with more skill and greater success
than ever.

There was an eagerness and desire
for information which we take as a
good omen for the future, and without
exception every D. O. expressed a
marked determination to go and push
on on the lines laid down. Their loy-
alty to and confidence in the Army and
its principles is unquestionable. This
alone is a great factor towards ensur-
ing the successful application of these
principles in their respective com-
mands.

News of Victory and Advance

IN THE

WOMEN'S SOCIAL WORK.

By MRS. BRIGADIER READ.



THE Montreal Herald has
recently devoted three
quarters of a column of
its pages to an article
on our Rescue Work in
that city. We clip a
brief extract.

"The Salvation Army Industrial
Home, 243 St. Antoine St., is
not only fulfilling its mission in re-
specting fallen girls, and extending a help-
ing hand to those unfortunates who,
for lack of timely aid and sympathy,
would be wholly lost. Miss Holman,
the earnest and painstaking matron,
gave the Herald representative some
instances of the saving power the
Home, with its good influences, has
been to many poor girls.

"Yes," asserted Miss Holman, "it
Women's Shelter, such as we have in
Toronto, is greatly needed in Montreal.
Also a place where discharged prison-
ers, and friendless or destitute women
will be received, and where at normal
cost they can obtain a night's lodging
and a meal. In Toronto the Women's
Shelter is situated in the most central
and poorest part of the city, being, in
fact, exactly in the locality where it is
required."

"The Salvation Army Industrial
Home has within its walls an average
number of fifteen young women with a
corresponding number of children. The
specified time for young women to re-
main in the Home is six months, but
when they desire to do so they can
remain a whole year. It is strictly an
Industrial Home, and its inmates are
encouraged to do whatever work they
are best able. In this way a great
deal of plain sewing, knitting, crochet,
etc., is accomplished and disposed of in
various ways. Then there is the daily
routine of house work and minding the
children, so that the days are well
filled in to the great benefit of all."

"I shall not soon forget my last visit
to Hamilton. The hours of the two
days spent there were very full of
work and blessing. Dear Adjuvant
Jordan had invited a large number of
the old girls to meet me at tea. An
interesting meeting in the large re-
ception room followed. Bright victori-
ous testimonies were given by several
of the girls.

"There was one sad, pathetic picture.
A wee baby of a few days—born in
prison—was placed in my arms by one
of the inmates who took a motherly
interest in the helpless little one, to be
devoted to the Lord. The poor child's
mother had that day been committed
to the asylum. What a heritage! A
nameless babe—its mother's reason de-
throned!"

"The work is prospering in the Am-
brosia City. An enjoyable evening
followed at No. 11.

On the Thursday following I had a
profitable officers' meeting. I had the
pleasure of taking tea with the League
of Mercy.

Mrs. Capt. Lacey, who is in charge,
had arranged for the sisters about to
be commissioned to have tea together.
We had a delightful round-the-table
chat, previous to the public com-
missioning at night in the Citadel.
Mrs. Burdett was with us, and the testi-
monies and incidents given promise
much for future victories. The League
members were permitted to visit sev-
eral institutions in that city in addi-
tion to their weekly meeting in the
Rescue Home.

Adj. Burdett had announced well
and took a personal interest in the
gathering.

"The sisters with the cross on their
arm and the cross in their hearts"
looked very nice in their white ribbon
and bright new armlets.

After a short address on the work of
the League in other cities they were
publicly commissioned. The League is
becoming a real blessing to the local
corps in all places where in operation.
Mrs. Lacey told of two men visited by
the League who, the day they were
discharged from prison, came straight
to one of our corps in Hamilton and
got converted. Another woman also
was converted through her husband
being visited behind prison bars.

It is a sign of the spiritual influence
of our Rescue Work, that so many of
the poor unfortunate ones whom we
assist in the time of their desertion and
sorrow, desire to dedicate to God's
service, and invoke His Divine care
upon the helpless little ones they are
left to support.

"Twas a grand testimony to the Res-

Special and Important NOTICE

TO
STAFF and FIELD OFFICERS

Throughout the Territory.

THE FIELD COMMISSIONER has
decided that the dates for the
great annual

SELF-DENIAL EFFORT

SHALL BE

Nov. 21st to 27th,

INCLUSIVE.

J. E. MARCETTS,

Territorial Secretary.

one Work. Do you ask, dear reader,
what? The spontaneous rising of that
splendid audience which filled the Ci-
adel Sunday night when Adj. Hughes
asked for some mark of their appre-
ciation of the good work accomplished
by the Women's Society. They stood
en masse. God bless them. London's
citizens are generous and warm-
hearted indeed.

The London Rescue Home is a credit
to the Army. Dear Staff-Capt. Cozens
has everything under the very best
management. She lives for the work,
and is especially devoted to the dear
children. Her labors in connection
with the arrangements of the meeting
were of the most practical nature, and
she deserves, with her co-worker Adj.
Hughes, much credit for their success.

The League of Mercy has the bright-
est prospects before it under Mrs.
Southall's management. We had a
nice meeting in the fall Sunday after-
noon.

Mrs. Major Cooper has assumed
charge of the Children's Home in To-
ronto. She is heartily welcomed by
her social comrades to that important
command.

The wives of some of the Headman-
ners Staff are leading weekly meetings
in the Toronto Rescue Home. Mrs.
Colonel Jacobs had a very nice meeting
which was enjoyed by all, and also
Mrs. Staff-Capt. Dean.

INTERESTING ITEMS

A pound of phosphorus heats 1,000,000
matches.

A ton of oil has been obtained from
the tongue of a single whale.

Over six hundred thousand pounds
of tea are consumed in England daily.

The volcanoes of Vesuvius and Etna
are never both active at the same
time.

Web to the length of two and a
quarter miles has been drawn from the
body of a single spider.

A newly-discovered spot on the sun,
which is visible just now, is said to be
30,000 miles in diameter.

A complete electric power plant has
been installed on an estate in France,
in the department of the Tarn.

Engineers in Germany receive from
the Government a gold medal and \$50
for every ten years of service without
accident.

Telegraph wires will last far longer
years near the seashore. In the manu-
facturing districts, the same wires last
only ten years, and sometimes less.

To cool a hot room, wet thoroughly a
large sheet and hang it up in the mid-
dle. The temperature will go down ten
or twelve degrees almost immediately.

Bicycles are now being made with
one of the tubes of the frame plugged
at each end, so that the fender can be
run out of fuel for his lamp.

Ensign Smith
sold for Harvest
collingwood su-
weeks and sold it
minutes.

A hail in Spok
for one meeting
Commissioner.

Capt. Fanny Cla
visited Woodsto
Tuesday evening.

I took one word
"Desperation." P
ation. Major P

A poor drunk
in the Editorial
ing, the promise

While resting
ducted a week's
and forty people

Somebody at
basket of fruit fo
would have gone
soldiers boiled co
it in cans

Several officers
Headquarters Sta
in the house to
announcements
meetings.

"I have throw
ever upon God to
ing the claims of
women to bring
Major Pughine

Adj. Mantons
like a painter's s
of colored women
he had ornament
visiting officers

Viclen, Brigadi
little daughter ha
bronchitis. Mrs.
anxious time nu
who is now recu

A business man
five cents out of
Two cents of this
officers for the
cents go into the

Staff-Capt and
through the colu
to thank all their
kind sympathy a
the recent sickne

Brigadier Street
a welcome visit
hospitalization.
Department the h
sent with his poss

The advertising
adversary camp
high-class order.
the hand-bills dis
pieces while the b
tasteful and com

A very clever
and ticket of adm
Major Gifford in
Consult's visit
front of the trage
tome out of the C

"Spartans on a
how someone de
officers sitting on
the other day up
That must have
collar, of London

We deeply reg
accident that occ
luncheon, one of
and helpers, who
be familiar to eve
God bless the doc
his boy again.

Some person g
when stationed at
apples. On his
gave them, Willie
pled, "Oh, some
must try and get
we can."—P. E. S

Ernest Fletcher
up-to-date enter
established dining
Councils. And if
Council moments
enveloped in a la
of hungry "roun
fitters

Major Pughine,
dal Officer, testi
that his ALL was
service, and he c
been touched by
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displayed in comm
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The Melbourne
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he tubes of the frame plugged
end, to be filled with oil
an inlet at the top, and drawn
so that a cylinder need not
of fuel for his lamp.

THE WAR CRY.

5

MIXTURES

Ensign Smith made lemon pies and
sold for Harvest Festival.

Collingwood soldier baked for two
weeks and sold it for Harvest Festival
dinances.

A hall in Spokane is rented for \$75
for one meeting to be led by the Field
Commissioner.

Capt. Fanny Clarke, of Houston, Mo.,
visited Woodstock, N. D., on a recent
Tuesday evening.

I took one word as my motto for 1897,
"desperation," "desperation," "desper-
ation."—Major Pugmire.

A poor drunkard signed the pledge
in the Editorial office the other morn-
ing. He promised to pray.

While resting Mrs. Major Jewer con-
ducted a week's meetings in a church
and forty people professed conversion.

Somebody at Collingwood gave a
basket of fruit for the U. F. The fruit
would have gone bad if left, so the
soldiers boiled down the fruit and sold
it in cans.

Several officers of the Territorial
Headquarters Staff practically assisted
in the house to house distribution of
announcements for the Anniversary
meetings.

I have thrown myself more than
ever upon God to be desperate in push-
ing the claims of God upon men and
women to bring them to Christ.—
Major Pugmire.

Adj. Maunton's Trade Store looked
like a painter's shop with the canopy
of colored welcome devices with which
he had ornamented it in honor of the
visiting officers.

Violet, Brigadier and Mrs. Read's
little daughter has had a bad attack of
bronchitis. Mrs. Read has had an
anxious time nursing the little one,
who is now recovering.

A business man in Collingwood takes
five cents out of the till every week
and gives it to the officers for the War Cry and three
cents go into the U.B.M. box.

Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Gage desire,
through the columns of the War Cry,
to thank all in connection with their
kind sympathy and prayers through
the recent sickness of their little one.

Brigadier Streeton, from Buffalo, was
a welcome visitor at the Masses Hall
Demonstration. He did the Editorial
Department the honor to identify him-
self with its position in the procession.

The advertising machinery of the An-
niversary campaign has been set at
a high-class order. For artistic get-up
the hand-bills distributed were master-
pieces while the big posters were both
useful and comprehensive.

A very clever two-colored program
and ticket of admission was tested by
Major Gifford in connection with the
Consul's visit to Minneapolis. The
front of the program bore a large half-
tone cut of the Consul in red.

"Sparrows on a telegraph wire," was
how someone described a group of
officers sitting on the bench and talking
the other day opposite Headquarters.
That must have been after Captain
Collier, of London, had left the group.

We deeply regret the unfortunate
accident that occurred to the son of Dr.
Dumble, one of our warmest friends
and helpers, whose contributions will
be familiar to every reader of the Cry.
God bless the doctor and soon restore
his boy again.

Some person gave Ensign Wright,
when stationed at Halifax, a barrel of
apples. On his wife enquiring who
gave them, Willie, their little boy, re-
plied, "Oh, some man of God, and we
must try and get him in the Army if
we can."—F. E. S.

Ensign Fletcher's reputation as an
up-to-date caterer has been fully es-
tablished during this Anniversary
Councils. And if he spent some of the
Council moments behind the scenes
enveloped in a large white apron scores
of hungry "councilers" were the pro-
fiteers.

Major Pugmire, the Eastern Provin-
cial Officer, testified that the Council
that his A.T. was held on the altar for
service, and he dared to say it had
been touched by the Holy Ghost. The
same saving power which had been
displayed in connection with his work
in the Old Land was manifest right up
to the present moment in his work
here.

The Melbourne Women's Shelter in-
creases in the number of its patron-
izers each night.

SPOKANE'S SALVATION ARMY CHIEFTAIN

Confides Certain Things to a War Cry Man.

Western Advances—Klondyke Prospects—One Hundred Officer Goal.

FROM the far East and through-
out Ontario Brigadier Howell,
the Chief Officer of the Army
in the State of Montana, Northern
Idaho, North-West Washington, Brit-
ish Columbia, and Alaska, is well
known. He graduated from the old
Territorial Training Home about the
same time as the present Editor of the
War Cry and has risen from the ranks
step by step until to-day he holds one
of the most important commands in
Field Commissioner Miss Booth's vast
Territory.

Many of his old friends, when the
news got out that he was going West,
predicted that by the blessing of
God Brigadier Howell would not long
be on the ground without increasing
the effectiveness of the forces already
in existence out there and extending
the Army's operations in new fields.
We are glad to say the Brigadier has
not disappointed them.

On behalf of the many personal
friends interested in reading of the
Brigadier's progress, as well as on be-
half of the many distant readers who
regularly follow the course of the Sal-
vation war through the War Cry, an
Editorial hand looked up the Brigadier
for my report after his arrival at the
Territorial centre in connection with
the recent Fifteenth Anniversary Gath-
erings.

Ensconcing himself in the big arm
chair supposed to be occupied by the
Editor the Brigadier said: "Trouble
about you is that every time I see you
I have to give an account of myself.
I believe the War Cry man and his
subject smiled. 'Have you seen the
Dispo?' asked the Brigadier, with the
air of a man who has something sub-
stantial to show. Seeing the book
showing the Disposition of Forces from
month to month, the Brigadier opened
it at the heading 'Pacific Province.'
'Look at it,' said he, 'the list of our
troops only used to occupy a page. It
takes two now. We are extending
our borders right along. When I
took charge,' continued the Brigadier,
not heeding the War Cry man's ex-
pression of pleasure, 'we had practically
twenty corps. We have now twenty-
four.'
'One a month,' interjected the War
Cry man.

'Yes,' said the Brigadier, 'and a
prospect of opening eight or ten as
soon as we can get officers.'

'This was certainly a splendid ac-
complishment for so short a time,
especially when one considers the long
distances that have to be covered in
reconnoitering and connecting the pre-
liminary inquiries respecting the
place.'

'There is one name which makes men's
ears tingle when it is mentioned, and
the War Cry man decided to approach
the enterprising Brigadier on the mat-
ter. 'The Klondyke, Brigadier, are
you the man that sent the officers to
the Gold Region? We saw it in the
papers.'

'Yes,' said the Brigadier, 'the names
of Stanger and Thoroldson have gone
around the world as the pioneers of
the work up there.'

'Tell us about this mission up
amongst the Gold Seekers.'
'Well, it is this way, I saw how
things were going in connection with
the Klondyke and determined that I
would leave no stone unturned to
help the field in unifying the Flag
of hope and salvation amongst our
friends, the miners. So about a month
after I arrived at Spokane the officers
of miners were made and the officers
were under orders to go. They reached
Junction one week before the great
rush for the Klondyke in July, and
in a somewhat unsettled state. It
is in a very high rate of progress
in prospect of many of the gold seek-
ers going into Junction to winter there
on account of not being able to cross
the passes. This has made it difficult
for us to get a suitable barracks, but I
consider that our two officers have done
the best they could under the circum-
stances. They have instructions from
me to keep a sharp eye on the situa-
tion, and wherever there is likelihood
of a permanent city being located they
will advise me and I shall take steps
to get in Army officers with the utmost
speed. I purpose sending Capt. Stanger
up to Dawson City to open up there in
the spring, in which case we will prob-
ably send a couple of hundred men
with him. There has been on a pioneer
trip to Skagway. There are four
thousand people at this place, or there
were when I left Spokane two weeks
ago. In six weeks that town has been
built up from the bare bush.

I am well informed on most things
relating to life in the Klondyke Region
so if you know of any of our people
wanting information you can refer
them to me.'
'I am glad to know, Brigadier, that
you are going to be the first on the
field.'

'Yes, you can depend upon us get-
ting the Flag flying in every likely
place just as fast as possible.'

'You have a wonderful city in Spo-
kane, Brigadier, the Chicago of the
West, isn't it?'

'You are right it is. It is about the
liveliest place I have struck. I have
headquarters Offices now in one of the
very finest business blocks in the
city. We shall also shortly open a
Men's Shelter. The Nestors' Block, a
fine property in Front Avenue, and in
a good position, has been leased for
this purpose. Of course you know
there are thousands of men in Spo-
kane, it being the headquarters city
for the mining region all round. The
miners are a wonderfully generous lot
of men, in fact, many of them throw
their money away like water, and
though business is so very good yet,
as in many large cities, there are a
number of needy men who require just
such an institution as ours will be to
tide them over difficulty. Sometimes
men who earn big sums of money one
part of the year will have spent it be-
fore winter closes, especially is this the
case with the miners. They help us
when they have money, and we want
to be able to lend them a helping hand
when they are in need. We
shall arrange at the first to ac-
commodate about fifty men in our
Shelter. We have made no public ap-
pointment for financial assistance, but
there is no doubt that whenever the
citizens, who are fully in sympathy
with this and every good work, are
approached they will come to our help.

'Our standing in Spokane is
very good. You know both
men and organizations are judged
on their own personal merit there.
The newspapers are thoroughly im-
partial with us, and kind too. The
Spokane-Review is one of the finest
papers I have ever seen. The Chron-
icle, too, is a splendid evening paper,
and both have shown every desire to
do the Army any kindness they can.
Our Rescue Home is doing well under
the charge of Adj. Langtry. Ensign
Collier, from the East, has just taken
charge of the Home at Helena.'

'These are all good things, Brigadier.
You have a magnificent field of op-
portunity and it is evident that you
are well equipped to take it. I suppose
with a band of officers around you
who are heart and soul with you for
pushing the war there is no need to
hesitate in a direct line to the
spiritual or social branches. By the
way, what are your officers like?'

'Officers, sir, I'll back them against
any officers in the Salvation Army
field of the world over.'

'For Godliness and loyalty, Brig-
adier?'

'Yes. Their numbers, too, are in-
creasing. We now have in place of the
fifty-four four months ago, seventy-
five. We are going on, however, and I
have in my own mind a goal fixed. As
I stated before, we had at the start of
my command twenty corps and fifty-
four officers. At present we have
twenty-four corps, and with two more
openings which will be completed by
the time of my return, we shall have
twenty-six corps. I hope by the bless-
ing of God to go on until there are
one hundred officers and thirty-five
corps, and I suppose by that time our
ambition for advancing the Kingdom
will furnish a new goal more glorious
still. Our Harvest Festival was a good
thing, don't you think?'

'I think it was splendid.'
'The next Self-Denial is going to be
a record-breaker all right. I have a
nice letter from Adj. Phillips, the Dis-
trict officer of British Columbia.
Here's a sentence from it. I am with
you to make this the banner Province
of the Territory.' I think I may say
that sentence of Adj. Phillips pretty
well to Western readers.

'So look out for news of fur-
ther victories.'

'Oh,' said the Brigadier in conclu-
sion, 'don't let me forget it. My
dears assembled in council at Spokane
desired me to express their apprecia-
tion of the Editor for his evident
efforts to make the paper of greater
interest to Western readers.'

'Thanks much, we will go on doing
our best to serve the interests of our
comrades on the field.'

Cosmopolitan Personalia.

Brigadier and Mrs. Galloway are hold-
ing a spiritual campaign.

Colonel Peart has laid the memorial
blocks of the Normal Citadel, Aus-
tralia.

Colonel Musa Ishak contributed a
notable article to the Indian Cry
headed "The Great Unannihilation."

The Commandant's recent all night
prayer was a memorable and mighty
season. Ninety-six seekers knelt at the
penitent font.

Major Rolfe and two of his officers
on the Jamaican Headquarters re-
presented between them forty-six years of
Salvationism.

Special prayer was made in the
Council for Colonel Jacobs, and Staff-
Capt. and Mrs. Gage, who have dysph-
theria in their home.

The afternoon of his stay in Oakland,
Cal., the Commander occupied the pulpit
of the Eighth Avenue M. E. Church,
of which Rev. A. J. Carroll is pastor.

The Commandant is transacting mat-
ters of importance in the interior of
West Australia. He considers the
meetings held at Kralgoorle to be
triumphantly successful.

Staff-Capt. Minnie, the Central's
Chancellor, has been visiting several of
the corps in the Bluebridge District.
Although not productive of any great
visible results, yet intense conviction
and attention characterized the meet-
ings. Crowds were good. At Blue-
bridge there was one beautiful case of
restoration to God. One who had pre-
viously been a prominent worker for
God, but who for eight years had wan-
dered. Thank God he was reclaimed
home.

A DREADFUL DREAM OF HELL.

A careless, worldly man in my parish
dreamed one night that he was in
the market-hall of a certain town. He
was surprised to see in a wall a door-
way which he had never noticed be-
fore—so much so, that he went for-
ward to examine it, and found that it
really was a door, and it opened to his
touch. He went inside and there he
saw an impressive and strange scene.
There were a number of men and wo-
men walking about, who appeared to
be very woeful, and in great agony of
pain. They were too distressed to
speak, but he recognized most of them
as persons who had been dead some
time. They looked mournfully at him, as
if sorry that he had come there, but did
not speak. He was much alarmed, and
made his way back to him as he
escape, but he stopped by a stern,
sullen-looking porter, who said, in a
sepulchral voice, "You cannot pass."
He said, "I came in this way, and I
want to go out." "You cannot," said
the solemn voice. "Look, the door only
opens one way; you may come in by it,
but you cannot go out." It was so,
and his heart sank within him as he
looked at that mysterious portal. At
last the porter relented, and as a
special favor let him go forth for eight
days. He was so glad at his release
that he awoke.

When he told me the dream I warned
him, and begged him to give his heart
to God. "You may die," I said, be-
fore the eighth day." He laughed at
the idea, and said he was "not going to
be frightened by a dream." When I
am converted," he continued, "I hope
I shall be able to say I was drawn by
love, and not driven by fear." "But
what," I said, "if you have been ne-
glecting and slighting God's love for a
long time, and He is now moving you
with fear to return to Him? Nothing
would do; he turned a deaf ear to
every entreaty. When the eighth day
arrived, being market-day, he went to
the hall as usual, and looked at the
wall of which he had dreamed, with
peculiar interest; but seeing no door
there he exclaimed, "It's all right;
now I will go and have a good dinner
over it, with a bottle of wine."

Whether he stopped at a bottle or
not, I cannot tell; but late on Satur-
day night, as he was going home, he
was thrown from his horse and killed.
This was the end of the eighth day.

The oldest building in the world that
has been uninterruptedly used for
church purposes, is St. Martin's Ca-
thedral, at Canterbury, Eng. The
building was originally erected for a
church, and has been regularly used
as a place of religious gatherings for
more than 1,500 years.

FIFTEENTH ANNIVERSARY

Mighty Muster of Officers and Soldiers at the Territorial Centre.

MAGNIFICENT MEETING AT THE MASSEY MUSIC HALL.

SOUL-SAVING VICTORY AT THE

THE FIELD COMMISSIONER IN COMMAND.

Grand Dis

OFFICERS'

"All we want now God and

Introductory Remarks.

BY THE EDITOR.



POCHE-marking in the advance of the Salvation Army on this Continent have been the great Fifteenth Anniversary celebrations.

They have comprised a huge Exhibition March along some of the principal thoroughfares of Toronto, forming an object-lesson on the complex character of the Army's efforts to save humanity; a demonstration at the famous Massey Music Hall, in which the Army's three-fold purpose with respect to the saving and training of children was emphasised; a day of salvation at the Pavilion, and last, although first in importance, a series of Councils which were attended by the Officers commanding the big divisions into which the Field Commissioner's command is divided, viz., Brigadier Bennett, N.W. Province; Brigadier Russell, Pacific Province; Brigadier Read, Central Ontario Province; Brigadier Sharp, East Ontario Province; Major Southern, West Ontario Province; Major Pugmire, Eastern Province; Major McMillan, Newfoundland Province; and about three hundred Staff and Field Officers, the whole series being under the leadership of Miss Booth, Field Commissioner.

With respect to the whole of the gatherings and all pertaining thereto, it has been "God over all, blessed forever."

The gathering together of so great a number of individuals, all owing allegiance to Jesus, imbued with the same Divine purpose, and bound by the peculiarly close comradeship of the Salvation Army must ever be a time of joy and exhilaration; no wonder we proved to the full that

"The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above."

and experienced a foretaste of what must constitute at least some of the joys of Heaven.

Everything that could be done by pre-arrangement, organization and system, for the comfort and happiness of the visiting officers was done, and a warm welcome was extended by Headquarters Staff to their comrades from the field.

For so many sided and so long a campaign a vast outlay of labor was requisite, and it would be futile to begin to mention names in this connection, but it is good to be able to say that so far as we know, one and all, from the youngest in the ranks to the most responsible, rendered their service in a spirit of glad co-operation for the success of the cause and the good of all. The soldiers and friends who so kindly billeted the many visiting officers also contributed much to the success of the Anniversary.

The absence of hitch in the arrangements for and carrying out of the march and meetings may be attributed to the excellent organization put into everything by Brigadier Margetts and

his assistant, Major Gasdin, upon whom the bulk of the arrangements fell.

Brigadier Read and his staff also need honorable mention in this connection, they planned and worked like Trojans.

All the Chancellors were present except Staff-Capts. Gage and Watson. The great expense of the trip hindering the latter, while sickness in the home, we regret to say, prevented the former leaving.

The familiar form of Colonel Jacobs, Chief Secretary, was missed and frequently referred to. The Field Com-

missioner while all the gatherings were triumphs, that part of the Anniversary which will live longest in the minds of the officers will be the Councils. With them will be associated the personality of the Field Commissioner. My own personal testimony as to the Councils is unnecessary beside the spontaneous and unanimous testimonies of officers of all ranks and all periods of experience. By universal consent they were unsurpassed. Major Pugmire, who has been in many of Miss Booth's Councils with the London forces testifies that he never knew more glorious seasons, if indeed equal ones. In her great addresses on "Visiting," "Shepherding," and "The Children's Work," the Com-

missioner was nothing less than a heroine. In her grace of God was seen triumphant over physical weakness. Half way of the Councils her voice came way, inflammation of the throat extending to one lung set so, that only a hoarse whisper would respond to her efforts to speak and we looked upon it as a calamity, but what an object-lesson did it make in the very eyes of the men and women chosen to be leaders on the field. They saw their Commissioner refuse to surrender. They saw her, contrary to her physician's orders, persist in her efforts to fill to the full the measure of her opportunity and faithfully discharge the great responsibilities committed to her, and then, in spite of her inflamed throat, resume her talking as soon as there was any approach to a voice with which to speak.

For Divine illumination, meeting influences, for glorious truth, for solid instruction on the burning theories of the Army's progress, we have never known these Councils surpassed, but it was given to the Commissioner to exhibit in her own self those magnificent qualities which make a conqueror. There is no question but that profound unity and intense loyalty to the Flag, combined with a loyal measure of esteem for the Field Commissioner prevailed amongst the officers present to this Anniversary, but on this occasion the Commissioner's beacon and self-sacrifice was so potent to all, and her appeals to the judgment, heart and conscience of each comrade so motioned and blessed that the love and confidence of her officers will be focussed upon her as never before, when the qualities which make the true-hearted Salvationist will be greatly strengthened also.

The Councils.

For Field Officers, Tuesday, Oct. 12th.



These were held at the Lippincott St. Hall, where also the Central Ontario Provincial Headquarters is situated.

TUESDAY, A.M.

This meeting was divided into three parts. 1. The "How-do-you-do's" of the P.O.A. 2. The Field Commissioner's report of the Army's advance for the past year. 3. The Field Commissioner's address on "Prayer."

In the regretted absence of Chief Secretary Jacobs the first of the above-mentioned was presided over by Brigadier Margetts.

There was a magnificent ring of victory in each Provincial Officer's utterances. Some remarks of Brigadier Margetts, as to the worth of the Ontario troops, would appear to have put those who followed him on their mettle. Brigadier Finnet, while admitting all that had been said, declared his officers and soldiers to be "a well-saved and healthy lot," who were as determined to push the claims of the Kingdom of God on earth as on those nearer the centre, or indeed, anywhere else, and we imagine the Brigadier has an abundance of facts to back up his statement. Brigadier Howell, of Spokane, announced himself as having been "four months an American," and said he, "The Americans are all right."

Anniversary Song.

Sung at the Officers' Council.

TUNE—"Maple Leaf Forever."

We seek Thy blessing, Lord of Light,
To advance, and win the fight
Against the powers of death and hell,
In this fair land of ours;
Oh! breathe upon us now, we pray,
The Holy fire of Heaven,
Baptize us with that power divine
To Thy apostles given.

CHORUS.

We're marching on, we're marching on,
We're marching on together;
God bless our Army round the world,
And keep us true for ever.

God bless our leader in this land,
Help us join with heart and hand
To help her bring each rebel soul
To Calvary's cleansing stream;
Thine everlasting arms enwine
Around her—wrap Thy power—
Help her to lead her soldiers brave
To victory every hour.

God bless our Staff and Field, we pray,
Help them all to live each day
Beneath the conquering Cross of Christ,
And triumph through the Blood;
Our soldiers fill with holy zeal,
Our handmen clothe with fire,
And help us all to score success,
And raise the devil's ire.

God bless our General, now we pray,
Strengthen him from day to day,
Cheer up his heart and bless his soul
With all Thy power divine;
He's led us well in days gone by,
Through storms and conflicts trying,
And in Thy strength he still can lead,
And keep our colors flying.

CAPTAIN T. H. ADAMS.

missioner spoke touchingly of his absence and sent the following message which was warmly endorsed by all.

To Colonel C. H. Jacobs—Commissioner with Staff and Field Officers attending anniversary desire sincerest affection and sympathy conveyed to you. Yearning for your recovery.—Brigadier. Praying for your recovery.—Brig-

In the Chief Secretary's absence the Commissioner found a devoted and efficient Lieutenant in the Territorial Secretary, who stood by her, full of sympathy and ready to assist at all times.

missioner took hold of the most vital questions the Army has to work out and carried her people on the flood-tide of her sanctified reasoning, amidst tears, shouts, cries, and thunderous applause. If on these three subjects only anything like a just expression is given on the Field to the truths so graphically and powerfully applied by the Field Commissioner this Territory will advance—solidly, speedily, and permanently—along the lines most vitally important in its future permanency and success as it has never done before.

difficulties of a threatened the W. they were moving a loyal officer who gones, seized the corps into line a house," and placed the Pacific abreast and-Presen the w in either soldiers of spirit of American adler advertised his the Commissioner which he has seen a cost of \$5 for t concluded with his God with all his Major Pugmire fr well received and gave a good testi the big times of also to the propu evidently had not home and who the the mighty stream blessings which the immediate vicinity Army, he would ex in these outer limi ganization. So for case he was as red were cheap, but was a red-hot Sal the same things happened in Lon five hundred men at the mercy sent ready. His motto and as to his com words, "I love it, Brigadier Read m spoke.

Part two was shi list of magnificen that one item in Trade Department off, cash down for \$1,800 in hand at this refers to the the one year to wh the statements re year of great vic War Cry showed, Field Commissioner financial efforts in the world, and we into comparison the Salvation Army recognized by Inter ters that they did of last year's S. till they had them Commissioner also to the grand advan our soldiers.

Then came part given a glance her one and two, we c The subject was trate her subject sketched rapidly, word-pictures of prayer" of Bible Daniel, Solomon, E forth vield and re light of prayer, wh gets me tough thung for business, "It o play the fool, L for years." The ough of good con stimulus to go on fest for mind a been the only me lues would well for the trouble and

TUESDAY AFTER A subject of pro the war was den manner in this se The supreme valu

ial Centre.

TORY AT THE THE FIELD C

rent now *God and confidence.*"—THE FIELD COMMISSIONER.

ination, melting into truth, for solid burning themes of ess, we have never mells surpassed, but e Commissioner to ex- if those magnificent nke a conqueror. ut that profound loyalty to the flag, wonderful measure of Field Commissioner the officers previous , but on this occa- oner's heroism and o patent to all, and judgment, heart and comrade so unctio- at the hero and con- ers will be focussed r before, while the makes the true- st will be greatly

Councils.

Tuesday, Oct. 12th.

were held at the
Scott St. Hall, where
the Central Ontario
Social Headquarters
met.

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"ow-do-you-do's" of
Field Commission-
Army's advance for
The Field Commis-
"Prayer."

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 cans are all right."

Difficulties of a peculiar nature had threatened the West, but nevertheless they were moving ahead. His story of a loyal officer who, in a case of emergency, seized the flag and wheeled the corps into line "brought down the house," and placed the rank and file of the United States Army on their feet. Bigler and Firearm the whole Army produces in either soldiers or officers. True to the spirit of American enterprise, the Brigadier advertised his next "big job" with the "Columbian" at "Eighty cents a line," which has secured the largest and most popular hall—the auditorium—at a cost of \$75 for the one meeting. He concluded with his testimony—he loved God with all his heart, and the war. Major Firearm received and took good hold. He gave a good testimony and referred to the big times of the big metropolis, also to the prophesies of some who evidently had not traveled far from the city of the angels. He then, in the mighty stream of enthusiasm and blessings which flows, lava like, in the immediate vicinity of the Salvation Army, he would cool and dry up in these minor limbs of the great river of truth. He then, in the case he was as red-hot as ever. Words were cheap, but he testified that he was a red-hot Salvationist. Down East the same things were happening as happened down South. Men and women kneeling at the mercy seat during his stay already. His motto was "Desperation," and as to his command, these were his words, "I love it, I love it, I love it." Brigadier Love and Major Gaskin also stood.

Part two was simply the reading of a list of magnificent victories. Fiske that morning, in connection with the Trade Department—\$40,000 debt cleared off, cash down for all purchases, and \$1,800 in hand at the bank. Certainly the year was a success. But, alas, this was the one year to which the Commissioner's statements referred has been a year of great victory, as last week's War Cry showed, in fact, to use the words of the Commissioner, "a year of financial offers make us a wonder to the world, and we actually do, taking into comparison the sameness of the population surpass anything done in any other year." But, alas, this was recognised by International Headquarters that they did not accept the figures of last year's S.-D. total as correct till they had then repeated, "The Field Officer also referred to the increase to the grand advance in the number of our soldiers."

Then, came part three. We have but given a glance here and there. The parts one and two, we can but mention this. The subject was "Prayer." To illustrate her subject the Commissioness sketched rapidly, one after another, word-pictures of the mighty men of olden times. Moses, Michael, Daniel, Solomon, Elijah, and thus came forth vivid and realistic tellings of the might of prayer, with a number of suggestions of truth flung in. Take this one, for instance, "It only takes one minute to give for the Lord, but it takes twenty years." The meeting was a triumph of good comradeship, a mighty stimulus to go on winning, and a refreshment for mind and soul, and had it been the only meeting of the gathering to date, it would have been a triumph for the trouble-reducers of sympathy.

TUESDAY AFTERNOON.

A subject of profound importance to the war was dealt with in a masterly manner in this session, viz., Visiting. The supreme value of personal touch

with the people above all. His plat-
form work was proved most conclu-
sively "Back to Jesus," might have
been the Commissioner's motto for this
afternoon, for the standard raised in
the name of Christ was the standard
of being a Christ moving in and out
amongst the people, sharing in all the
daily affairs of the people, and yet
being in touch with every man, the
chance of the salvation of their soul.
Of course it was the visitation of sin-
ners, such as a match, and a
candle, and a light, that he insisted on. Many
thrilling illustrations of the success
attending visitation were given by these
four commissioners from the four
quarters of the world. Officer, notably
the mighty victory at Torquay, where
the obstinate prejudice of a whole city
was overcome by the visitation of the
Commissioner's persistent visitation which ex-
tended from the garrets of the very
poorest slum people to the wealthiest
houses, and the nobles of the
British Parliament. Hence,

Officers' and Soldiers' Assembly

IN THE JUBILEE HALL.

"Pack almost to suffocation," was the verdict that might truly be passed on the meeting which the Field Commissioner conducted for officers and soldiers in the Hotel Bristol. Exceedingly thick were the characteristics of the opening, which paved the way beautifully for what was to follow. The theme chosen was the "Gospel of the Open Door," by Dr. Gollath, old friend of mention, but intensely new to the crowd assembled, as lesson after lesson was drawn and the speaker's words were the stimulus of the listeners. The importance of so-called little things in their effect upon the world was clearly shown, and the profoundness of the subject was made manifest, such as David gave to the backslidden king, was dealt upon with intense power and enthusiasm. Officers and soldiers were so enthralled by the speaker that with unabated eloquence our leader went on, carrying everybody with her. It was clearly seen that such a meeting as this was a necessity for the day, and that was soon determined, for the invitation was scarce given "Who'll be the first?" when the answer came "I will," with a shout of approval. The crowd followed by another and another. Here's the sixth, and seventh, and tenth, so the news was announced from the platform. The speaker's invitation to a meeting that will long be remembered went on until thirty-six were counted kneeling at the platform. There became the first of the personal exchange and work. To God be all the glory! The Commissioner had not started in vain, and the work was more to be appreciated because of the Councils held in the morning and afternoon prior to the evening meeting. God bless the Councils!

WEDNESDAY, A.M.

The pastoral side of the Field Officers' work was dealt with in this meeting. The previous afternoon's lecture was a flesh feast, but this was richer. For two years the Commissioner said it had been laid upon her to speak on this subject, and never were the sheep of the Salvation Army fold more powerfully and touchingly appealed for.

The Commissioner based her remarks on the thirteenth and fourteenth verses of the thirty-third chapter of Genesis, and as point after point in the duties of an Army shepherd were brought out, a new conception of the extent of our responsibilities as officers—shepherds—must have risen in many minds, and it cannot be but that a great deal of untold value to the rank and file of the Army will result from the sowing of such good seed.

Take this graphic touch, for instance, when, the writer regrets to say through his poor wording, nevertheless, an idea can be formed of the truth as stated: "A good shepherd sees the lamb in the sheep and is after him, and he is after him, and he moves the occasion of the lameness. A false shepherd lets the poor thing go on with poison rankling and festering till the sore place increases and injures the limb and up through the coursing blood the poison rises till it reaches the heart, then ONE SHIVELING IN THE SNOW, AND THE SHEEP IS GONE."

WEDNESDAY NIGHT

This was the occasion of our Pentecost service, and it was on this night for the personal spiritual welfare of each officer present. How sad it seemed that we were not permitted to hear one word from her. Nevertheless, we were able to follow the progress of the meeting, her whole soul absorbed in it. Brigadier Sharpe read the lesson, Mrs. Brigadier Margaret Sharpe sang the hymn, and Margaret talked. Oh, what a solemn, searching time it was. The atmosphere was like that of the Judgment Day. Then there were mighty breathings of the doom of the wicked, the angels of soul—Jacob and the angel in sharp conflict—some whose tears flowed the freest and fastest and who responded to the voice of the Holy Spirit, choice spirits, but upon all it seemed that the Holy Spirit fell in mighty power, and when at midnight the declaration stopped the windup jubilation, a meeting was concluded with music that have been registered in Heaven, and of which some who have known the power of the Holy Ghost for years say they have not known a more powerful thing.

MONDAY. A.M.

"The children's war" was the subject the Field Commissioner dealt with in this session. Some of her previous addresses it seemed impossible for her to excel, and yet this last surely surpassed them all. The subject was



THE CENTRAL FIGURE OF THE PROCESSION



"What's Up? What's Up?"

indecisively, but forcibly demanded not a few.

The notable march had been well advertised as one of the principle features of the Fifteenth Anniversary programme, but despite this, to the majority of its spectators the triumphant train swept past their gaze with the force of unexpectedness.

The march itself was a marvel of ingenuity and skilled arrangement, but its chief value was in the plainly-taught principle in its every feature. Every squad of martialled troops, every blast of well-balanced melody from the brass throats of several splendid bands, every lorry full of Rescue or Social endeavor exhibits, and last but not least every footfall of the light tramp, tramp of the children's battalion was

An Education in Itself

and left at any rate a partial conception as to what the Salvation Army is, and what it is doing upon the minds of all who beheld its display.

Time and space stand like sentries before the entrance of a description of all that that march represented, suffice to say that there was no branch of our operations either spiritual or social omitted.

Forceful object lesson fascinated at every turn. The color-draped life-belt with its white and blue clad crew of strong sweet-faced women was a graceful indication of the work done by our Rescue Officers, League of Mercy sisters in dainty robes of nurses' grey, close followed by a representation of the prison bars through which their angel ministrations often pass, spoke a practical sermon, while the "raw material" with the whiskey bottle seated on the Women's Shelter wagon told one of a different character, but equally conclusive.

Perhaps because their presence was such a contrast to the usual procedure of military march the children's contingent sent a thrill of surprise through some—or was it because some in the street that night were altogether unacquainted with the important plank which the temporal and eternal well-being of a child forms in the Army's platform. Such ignorance must have been altogether mystified by the athletic implements which the white-floored, well-martialled little troop carried, though the Band of Love classes actually at work on a lorry must have told too plainly of the wider work than merely evangelistic which Army efforts include to leave the curious beholder altogether in the dark.

If there were any in that crowd who were unaware of the existence of our Social operations they were thoroughly enlightened as the long array of representations from the social wing filed past. "The seven stages of man" showed the effect of Army endeavor upon the roughest and most degraded, and a contingent of the helped in the person of members of the Shelter men themselves, was a feature of the march unobtainable in its practical proof of accomplishment. A Shelter bunk (with a dossier in it), a kitchen with

The Cook Actually Cooking,

gave a good idea of the interior of our poor men's Metropole. The Farm was nobly represented and elicited highest interest. Conspicuous in the march were some of the homely and feathered creatures who help to work out the social salvation of the downfallen. The market garden, agricultural pursuits, the dairy, the blacksmith, the boarding house—all had their place, and while chickens chirped and fluttered and a small calf behaved himself in a really circus-like fashion, the Social Farm walked in embryo down crowded King Street.

As fitting, the Editorial and printing departments were companions in the march. The former was rendered specially popular with the public by the distribution of back numbers of All the World, and the latter gave actual evidence of working order by



turning off hundreds of dainty leaflets from a printing press mounted on a lorry on the line of march.

The Central Figure

of the procession was the Field Commissioner herself in military cap and sash and mounted on a horse with Dot (long-tailed ponies on either side. The Commissioner bowed and smiled to the salutations which greeted her en route. The Territorial Secretary with the Provincial Officers, also mounted, formed a strong and noble escort. The music was of a fine quality—the Staff Band in their new well-known scarlet preceded the Commissioner, the Peterboro, West Ontario Marine and the city bands, alternately gave selections of harmony that proved what the Army could do in this direction.

The above is only a glimpse of the long procession. The solid phalanx of officers staff, field and local, with hundreds of the rank and file, made a noble show. As the procession swept up the busier streets the crowd increased. Astonishment and interest was plainly written on the faces of all. Greatest excitement ensued.

Small Boys by Scores Appeared in Imminent Danger

of peremptory themselves under the hoofs and wheels, from the sidewalk and from the cars the eager gaze of thousands was fastened upon the unusual spectacle and as the last contingent drew up before the door of the Massey Hall was completed the mightiest object-lesson of what the Salvation Army is in character and work that ever swept down these city streets. And ignorance of the principles and the operations of our Flag must forever assume smaller proportions.

The Massey's Marvellous Demonstration.

REpetition is not infrequently the most successful method of instruction. And although any suggestion of there being a sameness in the indoor programme to the outdoor manoeuvres would be an unwarrantable libel, it was probably the continuity in character, though with varying expression of the lesson taught on the line of march which made the Massey's splendid display the more practically effective. Not that all in that goodly audience had witnessed the former. A large proportion had been by far too eager to secure a good seat to stay.

The evening's programme was

A Feast for Sight and Sound.

Vivid and well-grouped coloring blazed from the orchestral tiers. The platform's left wing was mainly taken up by the massed bands with their varying uniforms and shining brass instruments, while the left was occupied by the women officers who at a given signal removed their bonnets and put on white chudans, which lent a peculiarly graceful effect to the general appearance. The musical prelude which preceded the meeting proper was

A Triumph of Instrumental Skill,

and delighted the listeners. Although the crowd little observed it, there was a cloud resting upon the brightness of the Salvationists present. Their loved Commissioner, who had talked for hour after hour consecutively in the much blessed seasons of council in the earlier days of the week was prevented from taking that full part which she had intended in the evening's engagement owing to a sudden and complete loss of voice. The inspiring strains of "The Salvation



Army is marching along" had barely died away when there filed from a door to the left of the platform, the daintiest little procession imaginable. At its head walked the tall form of the Field Commissioner herself dressed in scarlet jacket and flowing saffron head-dress in either hand Willie and Pearl, her tiniest of adopted tots, like

The Gentle Shepherdess of a Well-Cared-for Flock.

seemed the Commissioner, for behind her, not unlike lambs in their spotless white attire, filed some hundred children two deep. The effect was all the greater because it was a surprise. A spontaneous volume of applause greeted the Commissioner and her white-robed throng, and as all took their places in the centre of the platform, thus completing the symmetry of the picture

All Eyes and Ears were Captivated for the Evening.

There was a natural feeling of disappointment that when it came that the Commissioner would not be able to speak, but her presence on the platform, though against the doctor's orders, was well appreciated, and loud shouts and hand-clapping evinced the sympathy of the crowd. Brigadier Complin threw himself bravely into the breach and acting as the Commissioner's mouth-piece explained the purpose of the meeting, which he aptly termed our "birthday party." "We are just fifteen years old now. It is usual at such times for all the family to get together, if we could only have all our international family here with our beloved General at the head (Great applause), what a party we should have. As it is, it is

The Salvation Army in Miniature

which is presented by our platform tonight."

Taking into consideration the great and growing importance of our children's work it was well-fitting that they should hold such a prominent place in "the birthday party." It was the part that the children took that made up the events of the evening. Each musical drill was a masterpiece. The dexterity of the little people brought down storms of applause. Bar-bell, dumb-bell and hand drill exercises were executed without a hitch. The

Difficult Twists and Turns all Biting and Falling with Perfect Precision

to the strains of the Staff Band. As to the quaint and whimsical of fairy Willie and the dapper Puck, they sent everybody into ecstasies and overwhelming applause, and were, as one expressed it "too cute for anything."

Intense interest reached an even higher pitch as the novel drill called "sleigh bells" was announced. There was a few moments hush—one of keen expectancy—then a door to the right on the platform burst open and a small fair-haired girl, appeared, and ran the length of the platform shaking a collar of high-pitched sleigh bells. Her bells had barely ceased to jingle when a second child appeared with bells of another note and ran across to take her place by the first. This was repeated until the whole eight children had entered thus musically, the delighted crowd getting more excited as each note was added. What a quaint shrill chord was that which the children rang out together. Then followed the rendering of one or two Army tunes, each note being rung out by the child accompanied by a little jump. It was the prettiest of performances and one which brought down tremendous applause.

The Crowd Would not be Gainsayed and an encore was given.



"I'm climbing up the golden stairs to glory," was never sung with more effect than by Dot that night, and when Willie and Pearl sang a sweet-voiced duet about "wearing white robes and waving victory's palms," with dainty demonstrations by chubby hands and curly heads, the audience was again captivated with pleasure.

It would not be possible to describe all that took place that night. The mingling of song and speech, in fact all else came second in every estimation to the children's share. The feelings of hundreds were expressed by one gentleman who, speaking to the Commissioner a few days afterwards said, "It wasn't only the ability of the clever exercises that touched me, it was the thought that you had all those little ones under good influences, that you were

Training Them for God and Heaven,

and as I told my wife all about them I could not help weeping." And perhaps the highest value of that evening was in the proof which it presented of how by means of its J. S. war and Band of Love the Army is seeking to save the souls and guide aright the lives of little children.

The following much-appreciated message was cabled to the General from the meeting:

Press Message,
War Cry, London.

Officers, soldiers, friends, at Massey Hall celebration, 15th Anniversary, as with one heart send tender love to precious General. Your God-honored child, our beloved Field Commissioner, unparagoned inspired with power and wisdom. Countless rich in blessing. Never surpassed. High tide unity, devotion to the Flag. Thankful to God for glorious advances during Field Commissioner's administration. Declare our determination to desperately prosecute salvation war coming winter. Longing to see General.

The following waves of congratulation were read from New York Headquarters:

Salvation forces in the United States send hearty congratulations to their comrades of Canada over the glorious victories achieved, and assures them of determination to push with them claims of Calvary until whole Continent yields to Jesus.

COMMANDER and CONSUL BOOTH-TUCKER.

Most hearty congratulations, attainment Canada's Fifteenth Anniversary. Your advance last year is a world object-lesson. We follow your achievements with admiration. Affectionate greetings Commissioner and old comrades. Renewed pledges of devotion to war and fidelity to Flag.

COLONEL and MRS. HOLLAND.

The great and mighty opportunity God has come out of his way to put into our very hands is greater and more choice than He has given to any other people on earth except the Salvation Army. Field Commissioner.



An Old-Fashioned Soul-Saving Season AT THE PAVILION.

HOPE and fears mingled in our anticipation of the Pavilion's prospected battle. All through this last item in the Anniversary programme had been looked for as the spiritual climax of the campaign. To this end none had looked forward to more eagerly than the Field Commissioner who was announced to conduct the meetings, and when even so late as Friday night her voice was but a feeble reflection of her usual tones hope began to give place to very natural fear. But

Faith Overstepped Both Fear and Hope, and seeing that fervent prayer and abundance of works went together it was not surprising to see the Commissioner able to mount the bridge on Sunday with almost her usual strength of tone, despite the tremendous strain of the previous week.

A good foundation was laid to the day's light in the morning holiness meeting conducted by Brigadier Margolis in the Jubilee Hall. This was acknowledged by one who was there as being one of the best holiness meetings ever attended. Brigadier Margolis' Bible-teaching, and Major Pugmire's words of testimony were especially forceful. Conviction was very general and thirteen souls knelt at the pentent form for a deeper work of grace to be wrought in them, amongst them being some who had long known and followed the Master.

The Pavilion's Palace of Light and Air was filled with a crowd of no mean proportions as rushing volleys heralded the entrance of our beloved leader.

The audience was an exceptional one in many ways. It was unusually large for a Sunday afternoon, and quite out of the run of the ordinary Salvation Army crowd. There was a good sprinkling of Salvationists and attenders at the two corps which only were closed for the meetings, but there was also in large numbers a fairer assemblage of new—those who were evident strangers to Army gatherings.

The Commissioner had a strong platform with her for not only were the I. Q. Staff and Band present but a goodly remainder of our Territorial visitors. The P.O.'s made up a solid row of faithful fighters, ready to fish or fight or pray or anything else to serve God, souls, and the Commissioner.

The preliminaries were brief—

Every Consecrated Heart was Fixed on the Soul-Saving Mark.

"Whiter than snow's" song-prayer, Major Southall's petition, and Mrs. Brigadier Sharp's entreaty, full of faith as well as desire for a nearer conception of Calvary, and last but not least the inspiring words of "To me no Saviour, yes, to me," sung by Major and Mrs. Pugmire, led the crowd into deeper seriousness of soul-thought, and paved well the way for the Field Commissioner's discourse.

With almost her accustomed voice and all her accustomed vigor the Commissioner opened her Bible and commenced to speak. A spontaneous volley of thanksgiving burst from the hearts of comrades for the manifested answer to prayer which her presence proclaimed.

A Hero's Declaration

was her topic. For some thirty minutes the character of the Apostle to the Gentiles shined in life before the crowd as the Commissioner portrayed the powerful, distinct traits of his character and some of the events of his successful service, giving all through such straight home thrusts that every low-standard professor of salvation conceived a higher ideal of saint and soldiership and not a few sinners trembled. "Beautiful! cried the sinners, 'Beautiful! cried the angels,'" said the Commissioner, "over-angel," said the Commissioner, "Beautiful! cried saint and sinner, and 'Beautiful! cried Paul himself,'" adding in the same breath, "By the grace of God, the strength of that death—the abundant grace of God, the identical power which had taken hold of the Apostle was present, the same in force and ability that afternoon, therefore all things possible to Paul were possible to the Pavilion crowd by virtue of its efficacy. The Commissioner ceased, deep conviction of spirit had laid hold of many, the first—a volunteer—was soon at the form and before the ten-hour service had put to practical test that all-conquering grace.

The words were not new, on the contrary to many in that crowd they were perfectly familiar, but the solemn warnings of the "Dinner of the Judgment" have been seldom rung out with intense force than by Ensign Kenning at the Pavilion that night. Indeed from the very first song to the final prayer of thanksgiving, spiritual feeling in no small measure rested upon the throng. Manifestly the Commissioner was inspired.

Her Words Held the People

before her with the grip only possible when God is behind the spoken truth. The nature as well as the consequences of the spoiler sin was unreluctantly sought, the holiness of an empty profession brought into daylight. Said the Commissioner, "an empty black profession is always a blank failure. Such of you have only the shell when God sends His Son 'twixt Heaven, earth and hell to give you the kernel." But most remarkable of all was the word picture of the "Man of Sorrows."

The Crowd that Night Looked upon Jesus and His agony for their sake.

The prayer-meeting was a fight, but a victorious one. Numbers of stricken spirits sought refuge at His feet. The souls of the contrite, the appeals of the fishers and the prayers and faith in heaven, earth and hell to give you the kernel. But most remarkable of all was the word picture of the "Man of Sorrows."

Where We Had Begun Fifteen Years Ago—at the pentent form pulling shadows into the Kingdom and the Field Commissioner and her armor-bearer closed the campaign with hearts full of holy joy.

I have sat in the magnificent parlors of the millionaire, with tokens of wealth and luxury all round me, but when I have looked into the inner life and observed what they have spent their life for, and what they are bringing their children up for, then I have felt that what I am spending my life for is as high above their aims as the stars above the earth.—Field Commissioner.



IN THE REGISTRATION ROOM.

The Provincial Officers' Council.

ALL Friday, with the exception of the time occupied at the tea for officers, was devoted by the Commissioner to the discussion of high administrative affairs with her Provincial Officers. The Commissioner was still suffering, and really unfit to be present, but refused to yield even to what might well have been regarded the inevitable. Being unable to do more than whisper, it fell to Brigadier Margolis to go over the ground outlined in the Commissioner's notes. While much of the day was taken up in dealing with the details of Provincial administration, there were some big discussions made, one of which it would be premature to speak of at present, nevertheless it will come as a boon to many of our officers and will strengthen the unity and confidence between all ranks greatly.

The P.O.'s faces were a study. Alert, enthusiastic, eager and determined to push the war, every man showed himself alive and awake to his position and opportunity. We prophesy a renewal of fighting activity all round when these refreshed giants get back to business. Out of sheer pity the Commissioner had to be entreated to leave and was finally persuaded at about 10 p.m.

Maudan, N. D.

Praise God we are still marching along, believing God will give us the victory. The weather is cold here, but we have got a new stove in our barracks, and now we are ready to face the foe.—Sergeant-Major Mitchell.

Westville, N. S.

Victory in our Harvest Festival. Target reached, \$60. Brother Maudan took first place with \$22. Ensign Gamble next \$12. Adj. Alk McLean (Hallifax Shelter) and Ensign Charlie McLean (U. S.) spent a week-end here. People glad to see them, as Ensign was stationed here about ten years ago. Adjutant dedicated two children Sunday afternoon. One soul has found pardon since last report. Ensign Gamble farewells Sunday, 17th. —Rab Lorimer, Secretary.

Rat Portage.

Arrived here October 2nd. All in good fighting trim. Ten on march first night. Good crowd on sidewalk to listen to Salvation news. Sunday morning, 7 a.m., knee-drill, God came very near; but at holiness meeting, His presence was felt, and three comrades came out for a closer walk with God. We have not present no barracks, but we are believing for one soon. Soldiers all are for God. Our motto, "We never will give in." Cadet N. Anderson.

Kewatin, Ont.

"Oh, what's that? Dead! Well, hardly. Things are moving already, and we are believing, nay, expecting for just a beautiful time in every way this winter. The crack—crack—crack of the old elbow which were heard last Sunday night as she began to move toward Calvary, bringing four penitents along. To Jesus is due all glory and honor.—F. H. K.

Portage la Prairie, Man.

Good times. Things are picking up.

In the last three weeks we have had five souls in the Pavilion. One man got saved in the fall meeting who one week ago was in the Sunday night meeting and went away without getting saved. Crowds and finances are getting better and War Cry are going good. Ensign Smith was with us three days. Good times. One soul. Our motto is "Victory."—A. Lloyd, Lieut.

Ingersoll

Mrs. Major Cooper to the front today. Her words were clothed with the power of God. Christians and Soldiers rejoiced together. Good to be free. The Fire is burning and the devil, with all his powers, can't put it out. We don't have to fight alone, for God is with us. The battle is the Lord's. Will He lose? Never! Victory is sure.—Minnie Kennedy, Reg. Cor.

Vancouver.

Although worldliness has crept in and brought leanness to the souls of some, yet through the faithful labors of our God-anointed leaders, Adjutant and Mrs. Ayre and Lieut. Prentiss, we have already experienced soul-searching, refreshing times. Still we are praying and trusting for greater manifestations of His power—that blessed time when every soldier, counting it a privilege, will voluntarily fall into the Bible lines, "good old Army lines—holiness, bridle tongues, 'strong bearing the burdens of the weak,' 'cup of water' offerings, uniform (as mark of separation from the world), cartridges ('as the Lord has prospered') etc., etc. In short, the Army's mission, holy and helpful. Yours.—In His Name.

Hamilton, Bermuda

We have having good times down here, seeing souls getting saved. Port Royal gave us a big time in the shape of a picnic. Had all the good things the country could afford, and in the evening we had a big meeting in the tent, when two got saved. One of these was a backslider who was glad to return to his Father. Sunday good meetings all day. Three out for holiness, and one returning home after a long absence. Then at night we had a real red-hot, blood-and-fire meeting, closing with two at the Cross begging for pardon. God is giving us good times. Hallelujah!—F. H. B.

Kentville, N. S.

Six souls since last report. Grand times yesterday (Sunday). Five to knee-drill. Two souls in holiness meeting. Afternoon, two more evangelized. One soul at night, making five for the day.—A. Jess, Sergt.-Major. Above report was written. Hallelujah.

West Ontario Marine Band Appointments.

Brussels, Nov. 15; Atwood, Nov. 16; Milverton, Nov. 17; Stratford, Nov. 18; Mitchell, Nov. 19; Seaford, Nov. 20; 21; Clinton, Nov. 22; Goderich, 23; Hayfield, Nov. 24; Brucefield, Nov. 25; Centralia, Nov. 26; Exeter, Nov. 27, 28; Centuria, Nov. 29; Hinton, Nov. 30; London, Dec. 1; Delaware, Dec. 2; Stratford, Dec. 3; Warwick, Dec. 4; Watford, Dec. 5; Arkona, Dec. 6; Thedford, Dec. 7; Forest, Dec. 8; Toronto, Dec. 11, 12; Wyoming, Dec. 13; Samia, Dec. 14; Port Huron, Dec. 15; Courtwright, Dec. 16.



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Thom for God and Heaven.

d my wife all about them I help weeping." And perhaps which it presented of how at its J. S. war and Band of them being some who had long known and followed the Master.

Press Message, War Cry, London.

ers, soldiers, friends, at Hall celebration, 15th say, as with one heart under love to precious Your God honored our beloved Field Com- marvelously inspired power and wisdom. Coun- in blessing. Never at High tide met, the I. Q. Staff and Band present but a goodly remainder of our Territorial visitors. The P.O.'s made up a solid row of faithful fighters, ready to fish or fight or pray or anything else to serve God, souls, and the Commissioner.

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forces in the United States by congratulatory to their of Canada over the glorious chieved, and assures them of lon to push with them claims until whole Continent yields

IER and CONSUL BOOTH-

erty congratulations, attain- dard's Fifteenth Anniversary, then last year is a world we follow your achieve- h admiration. Affectionate Commissioner and old con- mended pictures of devotion d fidelity to FLAG.

NIEL and MRS. HOLLAND.

at and mighty opportunity one out of his way to put very hands is greater and e than He has given to na- on earth except the Sal- ny.—Field Commissioner.



"HERE COMES THE THIRTIETH"

HONOR ROLL.

Servt. Fred Bell, Hamilton, Ber.	422
(av. 3 wks)	
Capt. McIntyre, Charlottetown	375
Lieut. Lloyd, Portage la Prairie	197
Mrs. Ensign Fraser, New Glasgow	
(av. 4 wks)	183
Lieut. Cowan, Halifax N.S.	176
Cadet Woodworth, Winnipeg, (av.	
2 wks)	176
Capt. Exstrum, Winnipeg, (av. 2	
wks)	166
Mrs. Crossman, Moncton	150
Mrs. Adjt. Dowell, Windsor, Ont.	
(av. 2 wks)	147
Lieut. Dickens, Prescott	124
Capt. Anderson, Windsor, N.S.	120
Father Armstrong, St. John III.	
N. B.	120
Servt. Mrs. E. Temple	111
Lieut. Smith, Lindsay	107
Cadet Lewellen, St. John I. N.B.	103
Servt. M. Wick, Valley City	87
Capt. McManney, St. Albans, Vt.	
Ensign Stanger, Regina	80
Capt. Dywer, Portage la Prairie	78
Lieut. Thoen, Livingston, Mont.	76
Capt. Bradbury, Moncton	75
Capt. Perry, New Glasgow, (av. 2	
wks)	71
Mary Pearce, St. Catharines	71
Capt. Graham, Edmonton	66
Servt. Brass, Hamilton	65
Capt. Parker, Quebec, (av. 2 wks)	
Lieut. Osler, Guelph	61
Father Dixon, Temple	61
Gertrude Coddling, Minot, N.D.	60
Capt. French, Peterboro	60
Mrs. Lyons, Fredericton	60
Sister Smith, Wallaceburg	58
Capt. Campbell, Halifax I.	58
Cand. Mrs. Skeddien, Hamilton I.	55
Capt. Green, Campbellford	55
Ethel Smith, Guelph	54
Capt. Hill, Montreal II.	52
Servt. Moore, Halifax I.	51
Capt. Lott, Owen Sound, (av. 2	
wks)	51
Ensign Denington, Regina	51
Servt. McAnnamond, Ottawa	50
Mrs. Shannon, Ottawa	50
Mrs. Beales, Temple	50
Capt. Burton, Hamilton I.	50
Mrs. Payton, Wallaceburg	50
Servt. Brothers, Windsor, N.S.	50
Bro. Johnson, Hamilton I.	50
Capt. Sparks, Fredericton	50
Lieut. Bacon, Montreal II.	45
Blanche Ferguson, Halifax I.	44
Lieut. Dora, Ottawa	43
Bro. Reid, St. John I.	40
Lieut. Skeets, Peterboro	40
Jessie Irons, Windsor, N.S.	40
Cadet Higdon, St. John I. N.B. (av.	
2 wks)	40
Mrs. Duddley, Ottawa	40
Capt. Stollifer, Windsor	40
Sister Wyatt, St. John I. N.B. (av.	
2 wks)	37
Servt. Liddon, St. John I. N.B.	
(av. 2 wks)	37
Carrie Conrad, Halifax I.	37
G. Vallis, Hamilton, Ber. (av. 2 wks)	36
Servt. A. Smith, Hamilton, Ber.	
(av. 2 wks)	36
Lieut. Meeks, Peterboro	35
Lieut. Carter, Guelph	35
Capt. Root, Gannanque	35
Margate Holden, Windsor, N.S.	35
Mrs. H. Stevens, St. Catharines	35
E. Howell, Riverside	35
Christina Brooks, Peterboro	35
Capt. Harper, Calgary	31
Bro. Simpson, Regina	30
Servt. Major Carr, Windsor, N.S.	
Lieut. Moore, St. John I. N.B. (av.	
2 wks)	30
J. Orr, St. John I. N.B.	30
Capt. Melk, Chesherville	28
Lieut. McFarlane, Chesherville	28
Capt. Clarke, Fredericton	28
Mrs. Wilcox, Montreal II.	27
Cadet Strong, Winnipeg	25
Servt. B. Smith, Hamilton, Ber.	25
Wm. Stevens, Riverside	23
Sister Booker, Fredericton	20
Capt. Green, Campbellford	20
Bro. Case, Hamilton I.	20
Udale George, Hamilton I.	20
Mrs. Passmore, Hamilton I.	20
Mrs. Potter, Hamilton I.	20
Sister Porter, Hamilton I.	20
Bro. Cherry, Hamilton I.	20
Mrs. Green, Peterboro	20
Father Curry, Hamilton I.	20
Servt. Schindler, Peterboro	20
Bro. Martin, Calgary	20

You know not what you can do until you try. Sister Smith, of Wallaceburg, has proved this. She never thought she could possibly succeed as a boomer, and yet making a desperate first attempt she totals 59 copies. Now then, ye veteran boomers, give her a little encouragement. That's right. Go on, Sister S., who knows but that your name will figure near the top if you continue as you have begun. Payton is good company for you with 50 copies.

"It is good to be zealously affected in a good thing." So spoke the great Apostle. We purpose getting a number of targets by which means the spirit of genuine, healthy competition may be

promoted and sustained. We are determined the Cry SHALL boom.

Read the following from Ensign Sims:

When visiting a house the other day I enquired of the gentleman if he had a War Cry, when the following conversation took place—

Ensign.—Mr. —, do you take the War Cry?
Gentleman.—Oh, yes. I take it weekly.

Ens.—How do you enjoy its reading?

Gent.—Well, I don't think it's as interesting as it used to be.

Ens.—I'm surprised to hear that, as I consider it far ahead of the past issues. Do you read it weekly?

Gent.—Well, not always.

Ens.—Have you been following up the story of Dad, or Archie Sloss?

Gent.—Never seen it in the Cry.

Ens.—Well, that's strange. Been in week for week for the last twelve issues. Did you read Scotch Janet?

Gent.—Eh, Scotch who?

Ens.—Why Scotch Janet, or did you read Strange Loves?

Gent.—No, I never saw either. In fact, I put the Cry on the shelf as soon as I buy it.

Ens.—That, sir, is the very reason it is not interesting to you.

Gent.—You would not like to be without it even for one week. I know people who would rather go without a meal than miss their War Cry.

Gent.—I'll read it in future.

Ens.—Thank you. Good day.

"The Councils are over, the 'big go' is past.

And P. P. returns to his boomers at last."

What's that? Never! It can't be! And yet there it is in black and white.

Fred Bell has written Mac Intyre (v) this week. Now the secrets are out. We know why P. B. kept quiet so long.

Congratulations. Set the bells ringing while Bell keeps on booming.

What does Mac say? What will he do? We'll see what next week says.

Lieut. Lloyd, of Portage la Prairie, totals up a good running 197, and Mrs. Ensign Fraser, of New Glasgow, is but fifteen copies behind.

The Winnipeg Garrison is on the move sending forth Woodward and Extrum as their representatives and worthy ones they are. What does the East say to this? Now then, Lewellen, can you beat this?

Congratulations, Capt. McManney! Shall the rise be an all round one?

How many extra copies of the dear old Cry shall we send you? Don't get out of step with your worthy comrade, both move together, but get up amongst the nineties.

Welcome again Mrs. Pearce of Temple fame. Its glory has returned, and we feel it safe in your hands. Well done, Lieut. Smith! But say, are you the only boomer at Lindsay? I trust that many an example prove terribly contagious.

We rejoice at the news from Hamilton I. Capt. Howe is enthusiastic over this increase of zeal amongst the comrade and boomers of the Armyville City. The following is an excellent sample of an ambitious boomer:

Bro. Case, Hamilton I.: "Buy a War Cry to-day, please?"

Gentleman: "No, I don't want any of your War Cry." So the boomer gave him one.

Bro. Case called the second week, and the same reply, and again gave him a War Cry. When he called the third week the gentleman met him with the words "Your Cry has brought me salvation." He takes the Cry every week now, and says he would rather do without his meals than without it.

It is a means of great blessing and help to him. For years without God, but saved through the Cry.

Let us take a hint from this incident. Can we not increase the interest in the Cry by having a word or two with our customers about the contents of the Cry. Ask their opinion of Dad Sloss, or the commencement of operations in Montreal as told in our new serial. Get them to talk among their friends about it, and then things will move. We shall continue to do our best to make it interesting, and if our boomers do the same in their booming, glorious results shall follow.

A Cadet was visiting one day, and knocking at the door of a room in one of the large tenement houses in London, receiving no response lifted the latch and walked in. She found an old lady leaning upon a rickety table, looking bitterly. The Cadet sought to comfort the dear soul, enquiring the cause of her sorrow. The poor woman

lifted a piece of paper which had been wrapped around some food just purchased, and pointed to something on it. It proved to be a testimony on a piece of old War Cry. The message had entered her soul and was afterwards the means of her conversion.

"We give thanks to God always for you all, making mention of you in our prayers; remembering without ceasing your work of faith and labor of love and patience of hope in our Lord Jesus Christ in the sight of God our Father."—1 Thess. 1, 2, 3.

Yours affectionately,

FOUNTAIN PEN.

Central Ontario Sittings.

By THE BRIGADIER.

Our dear old comrade, Capt. T. H. Adams has taken charge of Fort Lsgar, in the Queen City. He has had a loyal welcome and will have a victory during the coming winter months.

Torontonians especially, and old comrades generally, all extend a welcome hand to the Capt. and his dear wife.

God bless them! A change of Staff Officers has taken place as follows:

Ensign Cameron to Orillia, Corps and District, Adjt. Moore to Bracebridge Corps and District, Adjt. Searr to Sudbury ditto, Ensign J. Jones to Lindsay ditto, and we welcome Ensign and Mrs. Fox to Bowmanville, their first C.O.P. command. Lieut. Smith is promoted Captain and assists at Sudbury, Capt. Stevens at Lindsay, Capt. Felling at Bracebridge, Capt. Young at Orillia, and Capt. Way at Bowmanville. Ensign Wynn and wife command the Midland Corps.

There are other changes, namely, Lieut. Davis, Capt. and has taken charge of Ahme Harbor with Lieut. Mainprize from the Garrison.

Lieut. Allard assists Capt. Tinney at Huntsville, Capt. Williams and wife go to Owen Sound, the Sisters Hewcroft to Gravenhurst, Captains McKinnon and Oills to North Bay, Capt. Lewis assists at Lsgar, Capt. Brooks and Lieut. LeCoeur to Peterboro, Capt. Mitchell and Lieut. Cornell to Orangeville, Lieut. Osler to Chesley, Lieut. Kivell to Collingwood, Capt. Rose to St. Catharines to assist Lieut. Mahland to Omemee, while Capt. Bonnett goes to the far off Pacific Province.

May God's seal be set upon all these changes. Now for a glorious winter's work. All hands to the plough.

Staff-Capt. Minnikie had a delightful time on his recent visit to Alldred, Parry Sound, Huntsville and Bracebridge. The officers, soldiers and friends treated the Chancellor with extreme kindness which delighted him beyond measure. They are a warm-hearted crowd around those northern parts. At last there is a decided improvement all round in the Band of our Commonwealth.

Our Commander is so anxious about the success of this scheme. If tackled with energy and interest it is bound to succeed. On a recent night we met the Toronto J. S. workers, and had a good time together.

The Opening of the Hamilton Wood-Yard was a splendid affair. His Worship, Mayor Colquhoun, sawed the first stick of wood. The yard was illuminated, and the after indoor meeting was most enthusiastic. See report in a recent issue. Adjt. Burditt and Capt. and Mrs. Lacey worked well.—Adjutant Moore and Ensign Attwell are to be congratulated upon the manner in which they handled respectively the Railway Ticket and Billet arrangements in connection with the big meeting. It was by no means an easy matter.

NEWS.—Ensign Alward enjoyed his visit to the East and is now well in harness again at the Temple.—After the big meeting, we mentioned T.H.Q. Staff will speedily in and round Toronto. They will be made welcome.

—Ensign Nellie Griffiths is farewell-ing P.H.Q. God bless her where she goes.—In all probability Adjt. will do so other aspires do, so they say, go West. Where?—Mrs. Major Cooper has gone in charge of the Children's Shelter. May success attend her in her new sphere.—Both Capt. McLellan and Crawford, with their wives, on furlough.—We shall soon have finally parted with Ensign Brady. Soon her name will be changed to Lieut. Glad.

—St. Catharines old barracks is being remodelled finally. Capt. Locke and Freeman have been hard at it. May be he said completed.—Both Yorkville and Richmond Street are looking up. They have had some good times of late.

Our darling Violet has been very low with congested lungs. For days she suffered greatly, but God in His mercy has spared her to us. This must be in direct answer to prayer. Thank God our list of sick officers is lessening. This is a good sign. Capt. and Mrs. O'Neill are having a two weeks' rest.

A few questions to be answered by any or all parties concerned:

1. Will not Gravenhurst rise under the command of Capt. Howcroft?

2. Shall Ahme Harbor prosper during the coming winter during the coming winter with Capt. Dariach at its helm?

3. Is there not a possibility of the new Hamilton Wood-Yard out-ripping all the rest in the Territory?

4. Is there NO HOPE for the sale of all the Cry and Soldiers sent to each corps?

5. What conscientious and reasonable excuse has any officer for shelving the J.S. and Band of Love schemes?

6. If officers cease sending Rick and Wounded, how can our sick comrades be assisted?

7. Why do many F.O.'s fail to send reports of their corps to the Editor?

8. Why is the Band of Love not organized at your corps?

9. How can any F.O. be an all round officer if he or she neglects the Junior Work?

10. Do all field officers fully understand that the 10 per cent. D.F. is paid on all and every cent of income, nothing excepted unless the consent of the P.O. is obtained?

There are many other vital war questions should be faced. There is nothing like Rule and Regulation when properly carried out. They make things go easy and keep things straight. P.H.Q. Staff sends greetings to Salvationists throughout the C.O.P.

A SPECIAL NOTE.—Self-Denial will soon be upon us. Now that the Toronto meetings are well over and officers have returned to their appointments their attention will naturally turn towards the great SELF-DENIAL EFFORT, therefore clear the decks for the P.O. is obtained.

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A Pure Gospel.

(Continued.)

Have you forsaken evil? Have you cut out the right hand? Have you plucked out the right eye? I have people coming to me in services of this character, groaning and sometimes worn to skeletons. They tell me they are in distress, they have got into bondage, they want the joy of the Lord and His daily fellowship, and, when I ask the reason, they generally say, "Well, I don't know, but it seems to be want of faith." Now, I say to such people:

Now, let us see what this want of faith avails. There must be a cause. I am afraid that sin lieth at the door, and when we come to close quarters we generally find there is some idol, some course of conduct, or some doubtful conduct which keeps God out of the soul, and when this is confessed and renounced people get the presence of God and go away rejoicing in Him. It is so in nearly every case. God does not arbitrarily withdraw Himself from His people, and if He does depend upon him, there is something in the Temple of our hearts to Him, something with which He will not dwell. Will you put that away, and consecrate your hearts this day unto the Lord to be His temple, His temple only, and leave consequences with Him? He will be able to look after His own.

Then, lastly, when you have come to this decision, then look and live; take the final leap into the arms of a crucified Saviour. With some people who have been the subjects of the drawdown of the Spirit for years, the difficulty is in the surrendering of the will. They have learned to reason with God; they have lost the little children's way; they are afraid to take the final leap, and there they stand before the Cross, not conscious of anything between them and Christ. What are you to do? What will Paul tell the Philippians to do? "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ"; and you say, "What is that, and how am I to believe?"

Wonderful how it has got mystified! Believe what? That He just means what He says; and that when you come, He does receive—not He will in a moment, not He did yesterday, but that He does now, this moment. When did He receive the sinners who came to Him on earth? When they came. Just the same will He receive you. "Oh, but," you say, "I do not feel right." No, of course not. Do you not see you are to be saved by faith. If you are to be saved by faith, you must exercise faith before you will be saved. If it is by faith you are to be saved, you must believe first and be saved afterwards. If it is only the next second, "But," you say, "I do not feel it." No, but you will feel it when you have got it. You must believe it before you can feel it. It is the testimony of His Word—"I will in no wise cast you out." "Him that cometh": "Now I come, Lord, I come. I have put away my idols, have put away every thing that came in the way of my faith, and I will to serve Thee. I will to follow Thee, I will to put my neck under Thy yoke forever, asking no more questions, but being willing for Thee to lead me." Now, Lord, I come—Thou dost receive." Leap out of the poor old stranded wreck of your own effort, or your own righteousness, or your own unworthiness, or anything else of your own, into the glorious lifeboat. It is on the tide of His mercy, that you must—another step, and you will be in—another step, and you will be in the loving arms of your Saviour round you. Faith is trust, trust. He will do for you what He promised. Believe that God does now accept you wholly for the sake of the sacrifice of His Blessed Son; that He justifies you freely from all things from which you could not be justified by the law. You stand a condemned, guilty, hell-bound criminal, and nothing but His free, sovereign mercy can save you. Throw yourself upon this, and the moment you do so in real faith you will be saved. Perhaps you will say, as the curate of the Church of England, writing to me last week, said, "I refuse to be saved by logic." Amen, amen. So did I, and I struggled for six weeks because I refused to be saved by logic—because I would have a living, personal Christ. I admire your decision, my brother. If you are saved, but let this logic help you; nevertheless, Jesus Christ has promised, if I come, that He will receive me—then, and let this logic receive me, for He cannot lie. Let that help you. Faith is not logic, but logic may help faith.

Oh, how I should rejoice if some of you were to launch into the arms of Jesus this afternoon, fit often happens that while I am speaking souls do get into the ark of God's mercy, and come, and write to tell me afterwards that the Spirit has come, and he is crying, "Amen, Father," and now they know they have passed from death unto life. They don't want logic then. It is a matter of demonstration with them. When you have come up to the place where saving faith is possible to you, you have no more to do, no more to say, every word is done. By simple trust we are saved. This is the way every sinner on earth is saved. This is the way we are kept saved, too, by living daily, obedient faith. The Lord will be true to the end. Put away the ungodly companion, Give up the unlawful business, or the worldly conformity. Put away

SALVATION SHOUTS



Yet onward I haste to the Heavenly
first,
That, that is the fulness, but this is
the taste.

And this shall I prove, till with joy I
remove
To the Heaven of Heavens in Jesus
love.

Salvation.

Tune—"Christ Now Sits on Zion's Hill" (H.B., 228, 3); "Thou Art a Mighty Saviour" (H.B., 75, 2); "In-
nocence" (H.B., 122, 1); "Depth of Mercy" (H.B., 22); "Sinner's Chant" (H.B., 122, 2).

4 Who are those arrayed in white,
Brighter than the noonday sun?
Foremost of the sons of light,
Nearest the eternal Throne?

(Chorus according to tune chosen.)

These are they who bore the Cross,
Nobly for their Master stood;
Suffered in His righteous cause,
Followers of the Son of God.

Out of great distress they came,
Washed their robes of faith below.
In the blood of Calvary's Lamb,
Blood that washes white as snow.

Oh, if through life's little day
We like them can fearlessly fight,
Soon we shall be called away,
Evermore to walk in white.

Tune—"Take the Name of Jesus With
You."

5 Sinner, come to Calvary's monn-
tain,
Where the Saviour hung for
thee,
Hear Him cry, "Enough; 'tis finish-
ed!"
All the world may now go free.

(Chorus)—Precious Name, etc.

Sinner, heed the gracious message,
That this day we bring to thee;
Jesus rose, o'er death triumphant,
And salvation now is free.

From His side there flows a river,
That has power to cleanse the soul;
'Neath its waves, by faith now plunge
thee,
And be every whit made whole.

Come to Christ, no more delaying,
Seek, oh seek His loving face;
If you wait until to-morrow,
Past may be your day of grace.

—Edward Morline.

Tune—"Turn to the Lord" (H.B., 45;
H.B., 77; S.M., 1, 97).

6 Hark, the Gospel news is sound-
ing,
Christ has suffered on the tree;
Streams of mercy are abounding,
Grace for all is rich and free.

Now, poor sinner, come to Him who
died for thee.

Oh! escape to yonder mountain;
Refuge find in Him to-day;
Christ invites you to the fountain,
Come and wash your sins away.

Do not tarry, come to Jesus while you
may.

Grace is flowing like a river,
Millions there have been supplied;
Still it flows as fresh as ever
From the Saviour's wounded side;

None need perish, all may live, for
Christ has died.

Christ alone shall be our portion;
Soon we hope to meet above;
Then we'll bathe in the full ocean
Of the great Redeemer's love;

All His promises we shall then forever
prove.

Lieut.-Col. Richard Evans is to suc-
ceed Major Gifford as Shepherd of the
Mid-Western flock.

Major Gaskin called at the Editor-
ial Office and worked up quite a string
of rhyming on the subject of Ensign
Kennings' new happiness.

HELPS

FOR J. S. WORKERS.

KINDNESS FORGOTTEN.

Genesis xl. 1-23.

THE BUTLER AND BAKER.

The butler and baker were two of-
ficers of great importance in Eastern
and ancient courts. Yet even those
were liable to come under the King's
displeasure and punishment. It is a
risky thing to hang on the favor of
princes. But God overrules all. He
intended one of these men to be the
instrument of Joseph's release.

JOSEPH IN FAVOR.

Joseph's character could not be hid.
No matter what the circumstances or
disadvantages, goodness always shows
itself. Even the keepers of the prison
saw that he was different to the other
prisoners, and, accordingly put him
into a position of trust in the castle.
He was brought into touch with the
two latest arrivals.

MORE DREAMS.

The butler and baker both had
strange dreams, which troubled them
very much. Dreams were looked upon
as sure omens of good or evil.

THEY WERE SAD.

There was no need for any an-
nouncement of their unhappiness.
Their anxiety was seen upon their
faces, and as soon as Joseph looked
upon them, he knew that something
was the matter.

THERE IS NO INTERPRETER.

They had no idea of an interpreter
in prison; to their idea the magicians
who professed to read the meanings
of visions belonged to the King's pal-
ace—to prosperity, not to adversity.

But Joseph reminded them that in-
terpretations belong to God, and en-
couraged them to speak, no doubt
thinking of his own dreams and the
troubles which for the time being fol-
lowed.

THE VISION OF THE VINE.

The butler first related his dream
and to his astonishment Joseph in-
terpreted it. The foretelling of a speedy
release and restoration to his office
filled him with joy.

"THINK ON ME."

Joseph's trust in God does not pre-
vent him from using right means that
are within his reach. Having such a
good opportunity of reaching the ear
of the King, he did not fail to use it
by requesting the butler to do his
best for him. One would think this
little request from a fellow-sufferer
would have lived in that official's
memory.

THE VISION OF THE BASKET.

Then the baker, who had been list-
ening so eagerly, and anxiously, be-
came encouraged; his hopes began to
rise, and he told his dream to Joseph.
But Joseph could only tell the truth.
As God revealed it to him, and he
had to tell the chief baker that his
doom was sealed and that he would
soon have to die.

PHARAOH'S BIRTHDAY.

The keeping of the birthday is a
very ancient custom. Matthew xiv. 6.
As we keep ours, let us keep them in
His glory. Let each milestone mark
a spiritual advance.

On this occasion Pharaoh took the
opportunity of restoring the butler to
his old position, but the baker was
hanged, according to Joseph's predic-
tion.

Little did Pharaoh think that he was
fulfilling the word of the man of God
who lay in his prison. Often God
works through those who are quite
unconscious of Divine leading.

"BUT FORGAT HIM."

In the excitement and joy of his
own good fortune, the butler forgot all
about poor Joseph. Amos vi. 6.

We ought to remember those who
have benefited us.

He was forgotten by man, but not
by God. Men are apt to forget those
who have done them a favor. There is
an old saying, "Out of sight, out of
mind," and it was so in the case of
Joseph and the chief butler. Yet even
his forgetfulness was overruled for
Joseph's good. God made him remem-
ber at the right moment. Joseph still
in prison, but the butler had been
gotten all about him, but he maintain-
ed his faith in God. He did his duty,
and waited patiently for God's time.

MEMORY TEXT.

"Interpretations belong to God."

olet has been very low
lunge. For days she
but God in His mercy
o us. This must be in
o prayer. Thank God
s officers in keeping
sign. Capt. and Mrs.
ing a two weeks' rest.

na to be answered by
ce concerned?
rivenhurst rise under
f Capt. Howcroft?
c Harbor prosper dur-
winter during the com-
Capt. Parrach at its

at a possibility of the
Wood Yard out-frag-
in the Territory?
HOPE for the sale of
d Soldiers sent to each

tentious and reasonable
officer for shelving the
of Love schemes?
cease sending Sick and
can our sick comrades

any F.O.'s had to send
corps work to the Ed-
and of Love not or-
corps?
she neglects the Junior

h officers fully under-
ld per cent. D.F. is paid
per cent of income, no
unless the consent of
ained?

any other vital var-
ld be faced. There is
le and Regulation when
out. They make
y, and keep things
y. Staff sends greetings
throughout the C.O.P.

NOTE.—Self-Denial will
us. Now that the To-
are well over and
turned to their appoint-
ment will naturally
the great SELF-DENIAL
full particulars the decks for

AND HOME.

tion of cooking soda will
ush without weakening

stains of fruit or veget-
supers, rub the stained
ce of lemon.

crushed rasin to a cut
blood, heal the wound,
ain immediately.

ing milk into a pan to
an out with cold water.
the milk from catching.

away from gilt frames,
ve onions in a pint of
t the liquid on with a

are not failed, it is said
remove warts to which
once a day for from two

re in keep vegetables in
r, and if the air can be
them they will last fresh
ne than otherwise.

I should never be taken
is in great failure. The
me are as weary as the
%, and are not ready to
a work.

ould always be turned
hly shaken before be-
ther. If you are to be
they should also be
nself, and in different
of other clothing.

ing or washing utensils
ld add a teaspoonful of
every bucket of water.
a powerful disinfectant,
all bad odors.

new irons for the first
it be very slowly heated.
may crack. When once
is tempered in this way
heat will not hurt them.

WINDOWS AND MIR-
little methylated spirit
rub the surface bright
polish with a soft dry
leather.

PH.—4, lb. of Russian
shall to ½ pint of water;
lb. and add ¼ lb. of
let cool. Be careful of
pouring into pan or tin



CHAPTER XXVII.

The Last Crime.

The Bertillon system of identification was not in use during Archie's reign of crime. This system is nothing more or less than a summary of trivialities. Thousands of men are precisely alike in one particular, such as height or chest measurement; but the chances are ten thousand to one of finding two men exactly alike in several particulars.

If a detective is in search of a man who walks with a limp in his left leg and has a hare-lip, his field of search is narrowed down considerably. Apart from each other, these trifles are of little value, because thousands of men limp, etc.; but when the two trifles are united the matter possesses practical importance.

The description of Archie Sloss, according to the official despatches from Australia, was meagre and unsatisfactory. He was described as a little under five feet high, of about fifty years, so many feet and inches high, erect walk, high cheek bones, and speaking with

A Scottish Accent.

To-day these trifles might be sufficient for a detective to run his quarry to earth, but twenty years ago the detection of crime was not the fine art that it is to-day. With the detective and the criminal now it is a case of "diamond cut diamond," with advantages thrown on the side of the detective.

The law is stronger than crime, and undoubtedly this is one of the reasons why crime is on the decrease. Another reason is because the Salvation Army Social Scheme has stepped in amongst a class of desperate men, the outcast and the destitute, who, in thousands of individual instances had no other alternative but starve or steal.

Starvation and poverty drives many a one into crime, and the Social Scheme, by its shelters, workshops and moral dealing, has lifted thousands of men from the ranks of the vicious and the unemployed who otherwise would have been dependent

Upon Crime or Charity.

for a living. Archie Sloss belonged to a different class than the destitute or deserving poor. He took good care never to be poor destitute! He was a human devil, soaked in crime and yet, from the first hour that he spent with the Salvation Army, some desires for a new and an honest life sprang up within him.

At present he was still under the delusion that crime could be made into a profitable calling. He had done several terms of imprisonment for small burglaries, but his true name and character were still unknown to the authorities. When his den in Soho was raided he went to Glasgow and hid himself there for six months. Returning to London he took a house in the Seven Dials, and

Plunged Deeper into Crime.

One noonday, when Archie was sound asleep in his bed at home, his slumbers were rudely broken. Opening his eyes, he found six detectives and two policemen standing round his bed.

"Hallo, gent's!" said Archie, in his facetious style; "anything wrong? House on fire?"

"No, there's nothing wrong," said an inspector; "only a pawnbroker's has been cleaned out last night. Thought you might know something about it. Hallo—what's all this?"

The inspector had looked under the bed and found four leather bags packed full of watches and jewellery.

"Get up!" shouted the inspector to Archie. "I arrest you on suspicion of being concerned in this pawnbroker's job."

"Haven't been out of bed for a week," moaned Archie. "I'm simply wasting away with rheumatic fever. This is a cruel plot. This all comes through living in a neighborhood like

the Seven Dials. Kindly leave the room and close the door." The inspector left the room—to bring a doctor to examine Archie. A doctor came and examined him, and certified that he was in perfect health. In a few minutes Archie was up and dressed and on his way to the nearest police station.

He was charged with unlawful possession, and as there was a black list of crimes against him, he was sent to the Old Bailey for trial.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Archie Meets the Salvation Army.

Archie had now come out of prison for the last time, though he had, of course, but the faintest idea that he had finished with prison life forever. On the contrary, he quite expected to return at an early period, for he could see nothing before him but a continued career of crime. His last incarceration was in Holloway, and here he feigned illness so successfully that he spent the greater part of his sentence in the hospital ward. One of his tricks to deceive the doctor before that worthy came round on his official visits was to seize hold of his bed with both hands, shake it vigorously for a few moments, and the result was to instantly raise his pulse to an abnormal standard, so that the doctor would still consider that the patient was too weak to return to hard labor.

Difficulty of breathing and palpitation of the heart were other tricks that Archie kept up. Briefly speaking, Archie was a conjuror of no mean order.

"The morning I was discharged from prison," said Archie, in his own inartistic style, "I walked about the streets until dark, when I sat down on a board step in narrow passage behind the 'Horse Shoe' Brewery, in the Tottenham Court Road. I began

To Think About Myself.

"Archie, me lad," I said to myself, "you'll end yer days in the workhouse or a prison cell; that'll be the end of yer. Where's all yer pals—where's them in Australia, one was shot whilst making a dash for liberty at Portland; many of them died in prison, and some of them are in prison yet. Where's yer tools? Taken from ye, they are, by the police. Hev' ye any money? Not a cent! Is this the best ye can do? Aye, it is. Nobody could have done better nor me, and I must have been a madman to think that my devilry stronger than the law."

"I talked to myself for two hours like this, and reckoned myself up. When all was quiet I stretched myself out on the doorstep and dozed away the night. It was midsummer, and, of course, it wasn't cold. In the morning I pulled myself together, and was shaking the dust off my clothes, when two gentlemen passing by stopped and looked at me.

"Well, daddy," one of them said, "that's a

A Hard Bed You've Got!

"Hard enough, and plenty of ventilation about it," I replied. "Can't you get better sleeping apartments than that?"

"No, sir! I haven't a face but my own (I meant that I hadn't such a thing as a piece of money—with the Queen's face stamped on it.)

"Why don't you go to the Salvation Army?" said one of the gents. "They'll do something for you."

"I couldn't help laughing at this proposal. The idea! Archie Sloss goes to the Salvation Army!

"Listen here, sir," I said. "You don't know who you are talking to. The Salvation Army wouldn't have anything to do with me. I'm too shocking bad. The police are the only ones who'll look at me. I've been a thief and a devil all my life."

You Should Go to the Army!

they both says together. 'They'll knock all the devil out of you.'

"Well, one of them gave me a twa-shilling piece, and told me to go to the Salvation Army in Clerkenwell."

"I bought some food with the money and some tobacco, and a quart of beer, which happened to be the last, and kept threepence for a bed. I kept thinking all day about the Shelter, and wondering if they would let me in. 'Go and try them, ye silly cunco!' I said to myself. So I went—got there

about seven o'clock—paid my three-pence, and went down to the basement and had a good wash and a smoke, and found a lot of cheerful men, and I felt sure I'd got into a good shop.

"After a while I went upstairs and saw them going round with cans of cocoa and baskets of bread. 'Selling it!' I said to myself, and took no more notice, for I had no money to buy any with, though I felt hungry. Suddenly someone stood in front of me and cried out, 'Now then, Daddy, old man, have a pint of this.'

It's Better than Beer!

"But I've got no money," said I. "Don't you know that a three-penny ticket entitles you to a pint of cocoa and bread for supper, and the same in the morning?" said the orderly.

"What?" I answered. "Sir, do you mean to tell me I get my lodgings, with supper and breakfast, for three-pence?"

"Yes, that's right," he replied. "Well, look here, sir. I came here out of curiosity, but it's the best shop I ever put my face into, and you can put me down as a constant lodger. I'll get my three-pence somehow."

"Oh, cheer up!" he said. "You've seen nothing yet. There's something better to come yet."

"Well, if it's cheap, I'm in for it," I answered, and then I ate my supper, wondering what was going to happen next. I soon found out. Soon after they began a meeting. I took no notice for a time, until I heard a voice I thought I knew."

"If that's not old Apple-blossom talking," I said to myself, "then, I'm an honest man." So I got up and made my way to the front to make sure. "It was old Apple-blossom," sure enough, with a blood-and-fire jersey on, holding forth like a preacher, and begging us all to be saved. Last time I saw him

He was Getting Fifty Lashes

on the triangle at Portland. I stared so hard at him that he noticed and recognized me; so I went back to the end of the hall and sat down again.

"Well, well!" I said to myself, "this is a rum game. Old Apple-blossom, who was worse than me, a Salvationist! Was out in the Bermudas with me! Now we're met again! I'll be surprised at nothing after this."

"I was looking down on the floor, completely struck with wonder, when I was roused by a tap on the shoulder. Looking up, I found Apple-blossom and the Captain standing beside me."

"My heart seemed to jump into my throat. I was so taken aback that I couldn't speak for a moment. I felt sure that Apple-blossom had given me away, and I quite expected to get put out. The Captain was the first to speak.

"Daddy," he said in a kind voice that shook me, "won't you give your heart to God?"

"These were his very words. I was sixty-four years of age at the time. It was the first time in all my life that anyone had spoken to me personally about God and His claims upon my heart and life."

(To be Continued.)

"Lord, Take the Meaning."

Spurgeon, in one of his sermons, speaks of a brother who had no liberty in prayer, using the following words: "Father forgive the language, forgive the matter—He could not get on in his prayer, and he finished up on a sudden by saying, 'Lord, I cannot pray to-night as I should wish. I cannot put the words together, Lord, take the meaning of them, and I'll say it again.' That is just what David said once, 'Lo, all my desire is before Thee,' not my words, but my desire, and God could read that, and His promise is 'He will fulfill the desire of them that fear him.' It may be some one will be helped from the above words.

CAPT. SLATER

The Colony of New South Wales offered to send 100 Lancers for the expedition against the Indian tribesmen. A leading English paper, commenting on the same, says that, while appreciating the offer, English soldiers in India demand that the troops be armed by British and native troops without Colonial help.

A tramp recently applied at the Central Home of St. Louis, Mo., and was admitted. He stated he was heir to a fortune in Germany. The superintendent inquired into the story, and found that he was in truth no heir to an estate worth 50,000 marks. His relatives had been looking for him for three years, and enclosed 100 marks to pay his expenses to Germany. He is going at once.

A GRAND ARMY VETERAN

Pointed to Christ by a Medical Doctor

A WORLD IN season, how good it is. During the Grand Army encampment this summer in Buffalo I spent a couple of days in that city. On my way home, leaving the depot, I found myself seated behind a veteran of the war.

Pardon to me, I said, "What is it that you are going to do?"

"Just like us," I said. "My little child," he continued, "said, 'Papa, hurry up and get back soon,' I said I would, and I'm doing it. Just then I observed him expectorating some tobacco juice into the corner of the car. The Spirit of God flashed a thought over my mind, 'Can you not lodge a thought in his heart about that idol of his?' The Evil Spirit flashed another, 'That fellow will never stand his disreputable breath, as you cannot carry on the conversation unless you get your hands near together for the nose of the car.'

The Good Spirit said, "Can you not stand that much for me, who have so much for you?"

That settled it. Leaving over to his seat, and he leaning back towards mine, I said, "Yes, when you think of it, when you see some tobacco juice into the corner of the car, the Spirit of God flashed a thought over my mind, 'Can you not lodge a thought in his heart about that idol of his?' The Evil Spirit flashed another, 'That fellow will never stand his disreputable breath, as you cannot carry on the conversation unless you get your hands near together for the nose of the car.'

"Yes," he said, "and I sometimes think I will never be good enough to meet my wife and child that are gone before."

"Well, brother, that is your heaviest privilege. 'Yes, I know, but I am so knocked out with preachers and people who profess to be good Christians that I scarcely know where I am at. I am the sexton of a church now, and the other day my pastor said to me, 'How did you like my sermon?' I said I did not like it at all. I didn't believe it and I don't believe you did yourself, did you? No—but I've got to preach a kind sermon. Now that kind of thing, I don't like it."

"Well," I replied, "the very fact that you are able to detect the error from the Truth negatives your ability to justify yourself at the day of judgment."

"Yes, I know it, and there is nothing for it but SURRENDER, and THAT'S WHERE THE TRUTH LIES. I'll confess my sins and forsake them. SHALL I FIND PARDON?"

"CONFESS OUR SINS HE IS FAITHFUL, AND JUST TO FORGIVE US OUR SINS AND TO CLEANSE US FROM ALL UNRIGHTNESS."

"Yes," he said, "reaching his hand over and quietly, 'my name is his and giving a cry.'"

Last night I stood on the street corner in Buffalo and listened to the Salvation Army, and I do believe there are some sincere souls among them."

"Yes," I said, "I have gone to their knee-drill now for a number of years in Toronto. They can attest to that. Just then an old gentleman over eighty, with two ladies, was being rudely answered by some official like a brakeman, and I stepped up to help him out, in regard to the direction he should take, when my veteran friend left the car. I thought, 'Perhaps he has got all he can stand,' but as I stepped off the car at the falls, to take the car for Lewiston, he stepped off to go to some other direction. He was walking up, and he said, just as the conductor, 'I don't want to go to the conductor, I want to shake your hand and thank you for those words of encouragement.'"

"Brother, you see that pillar of the station? Suppose you and I walk up to that pillar, and there you decide you will quit sin and ask God, for Jesus' sake, to pardon all your sins, and from there start on the Holy Railroad? Will you do it?" And, without taking a step with the tears bursting from his eyes he said, "I will."

"God bless you," I said, "God bless you, and stepping on the moving train, I turned, and seeing my finger up, said, 'Meet me there,' and with a fervent kiss of his hand, I parted with that veteran of the war, probably until we meet at the judgment. As I seated myself in the car, I thought, 'How blessed to be able to go and spend a couple of days in Buffalo, and to be able, by the Grace of God, to be returning in the Spirit, and to be the honored of God in the meeting, the conviction of the Spirit of God through the Salvation Army, by presenting the truth, 'the entrance of which gave light.'"

Yours, in the Master's service.

M. D.

The General Secretary of the Mid-Western Chief Division, Staff-Captain Potter, was married on September 23 to Capt. Ireland. Major Gifford gave a wedding reception at the Hotel de Ville on Minneapolis on Thursday, October 28.

Major Gifford has been appointed to take command of the Atlantic Coast Chief Division, Headquarters at Philadelphia. He is said to be a man of energy and devotion, with splendid executive ability and natural shrewdness.

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